

# The Critic

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The western island of the British group suffered perhaps more than England itself, for it was in the height of their strength, and when their thirst for plunder had not been partially assuaged, that they appeared upon the Irish coast. Ireland, rich in convents and in abbeys, offered a field for their depredations which was comparatively richer than England. Since the time of the Saxon invasions that island, the refuge of western Christianity in the fifth and sixth centuries, had been embellished with countless religious establishments. Into these, the only safe refuge in times so disordered, had been gathered the wealth of the Irish. The richly embroidered and jewelled mass-books, the vestments of the priests, the gold and silver sacrificial vessels offered to these rude robbers of the sea exhaustless and resistless plunder. Up to the year 807 their attacks had been mostly confined to the outlying islands—to Iona and to Man—and Lindisfarne by the Northumbrian coast, but in that year they landed upon the mainland of Ireland, and by 825 'had plundered the greater part of the churches of Erin.' By the middle of the century three Norse kingdoms, those of Dublin, Waterford and Limerick, had been founded, and the history of these is traced slightly by Mr. Keary. Some benefits, despite the horrors which attended the Viking conquest, accrued to Ireland from their occupation, and notable among them was the improvement in ship (or perhaps rather boat) building, for up to this time the Irish had used only coracles. Moreover the first native Irish coinage was introduced about 1000 by the Norse or Danish King of Dublin. The author says:—

It was the Vikings who brought Irish political life down to the sea, taught the Irish, or retaught them, the uses of navigation for purposes of policy and business and war. Formerly the sea had belonged only to the religious life of the country—the religious and intellectual life. The capital of ancient days had lain in the 'Mid-

dle Kingdom' (Meath). Now the Norsemen brought it down to the coast. They crushed the monasteries, expelled the monks and clerks; and learning and piety went forth sorrowing to seek new homes, doctors and scholars flocking in immense numbers to the Continent. In the place of the religious homes grew up the trading-stations which the Norsemen erected all round the coast, and which held the germs of a certain civilization, though of a new kind.

Our knowledge of their invasions into England is naturally more complete than that of their raids into Ireland and Gaul. The attack upon England culminated later than that upon the sister-island. Under the heroic King Alfred the assailers of the West Saxon Kingdom had been worsted and compelled to conform to the provisions of the treaty of Wedmore. Although more than half of England was made into the Danelagh, still these Vikings were, for the first time in their history, compelled to bow to the solemn sanctions of a treaty. From this time on for a century to come the power of the North was broken. But how different would have been the history of England had Alfred been defeated in the great battle of Edington! Britain would have formed the nucleus of a great Viking empire; and heathendom again, as in the fifth century, would have triumphed over Christianity. This catastrophe, with the loss of civilization which it implied, was averted by the heroism of King Alfred and his West Saxons.

The history of the Viking attacks upon the Empire of Charles the Great is fully treated by Mr. Keary; indeed, so detailed is his narrative of these and of the Franks that one might call this portion of the book a history of the Carolingians, with occasional references to the men of the North. But the story of their voyages to Frisia, and up the Rhine, down the coast of Gaul and into the Garonne, and of their invasion of the Mediterranean forms a fascinating and exciting chapter of the history of the age. Time would fail should we attempt to select the most interesting and instructive parts of this volume, which, from its first to its last page, is a real contribution to our knowledge of a movement that was portentous at the time, and has been of no mean influence in history.

#### A Christian Samurai \*

MANY SEARCHERS after knowledge and seekers after God lived in Japan before the yard-arms of Perry's black ships mirrored themselves on the waters of Yedo Bay. Not all, however, were destined to save their heads or live to gratify their aspirations; for death, exile and imprisonment were the rewards in store for most inquiring minds. Even when escape was made on foreign ships to more enlightened lands, it was rarely that friends and help were found. One of the fortunate—or Providentially guided—was a young samurai of the family of Nijijima, whose father served Itakura, a daimio who held a fief under the Sho-gun in the province of Kodzuke. Born in Tokyo on Feb. 12, 1843, this son of the writing-master of the baron spent his childhood mostly inside the square enclosure or caravansary (yashiki) of the clan. He was reared as a samurai in all the feudal traditions, both noble and brutal, of old Japan. Educated in Japanese and Chinese and later in Dutch, then the vehicle of foreign culture, he longed to see the lands beyond sea. Escaping from Hakodate and reaching America, he was welcomed and sent to school by one of the noblest of Boston's 'solid men.' During his voyage, the Yankee captain, unable to pronounce easily the name of Shiméta or Nijijima, called him 'Joe.' Entering school at Andover and becoming a Christian of the Christ-like sort, he took the name of his 'American father,' and thereafter wrote his name Joseph Hardy Neesima. He loved and served that really great man Alphaeus Hardy with all the strength and loyalty of one trained in the ethics of feudalism. He was a Confucianist of the best sort. His becoming a Christian made him no less a gentleman of the old school of Japan, but rather more so. He retained all that was excellent in

\* The Vikings in Western Christendom. By C. F. Keary. \$2.50. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

\* Life and Letters of Joseph Hardy Neesima. By Arthur Sherburne Hardy. \$2. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

the character of a samurai, but gradually cast away the savagery and brutality inherent in the pagan ideal of Yamato Damashii (the spirit of unconquerable Japan). Neeshima, when again on his native soil, as an educator, reformer and patriot, was as different from the Soshi of Tokyo (the ultra-patriotic young Japanese who act as the fleas of the new body politic of constitutional Japan) as Alphaeus Hardy was from the barbarians of America who fight duels or shoot Negroes.

Exceptionally fortunate in his biographer, Neeshima is allowed—or rather made—to tell his own story. With that perfection of art which conceals art the son of Neeshima's benefactor, the author of 'But Yet a Woman' and 'The Wind of Destiny,' writes a story of truth and fact that will prove to many more fascinating than any of his romances. In the broken but though intelligible English of his early diaries and letters, and in the manly, direct and polished diction of his later writings, one finds a tolerably complete autobiography. As beautiful as the samurai's own story is the modesty of the biographer. Neeshima was a mighty spiritual force in the making of the Japan of our day. He had a good deal to do with the destruction and abolition of much that artists, lotus-eaters and unmarried young men from Christendom would like to see preserved in Japan, but he was essentially a builder rather than a destroyer. He lived to see Christianity well rooted in his beloved land, and as the head of a great Christian University to mould the careers of many of the young men with whom is the moral future of the nation that has turned its back on Chinese ideals. With its handsomely printed pages and neat binding, its strong but unflattering picture of the homely but high-souled Japanese, and one also of his 'American father,' the volume is attractive without as well as within. It is a distinct loss that it has no index.

#### Austin Phelps \*

ALL OF THE GOOD, apparently, and few of the objectionable traits in the literary character of the woman of genius who reappears, under her maiden name, as the biographer of her father, are seen to advantage in the volume under review. It is the fruit of conscientious industry and noble self-control. In its truthfulness, its sense of proportion, its finish and beauty, it reminds one of a masterpiece of Greek art. Let loose in a wonderful world of beauty, and in the fairest portion of it, the Greek did not run to riot, but with a horror of the too much, perfected wisely for all time. It is this Greek spirit of restraint, when the soul is full, that we cannot but admire in the work of Mrs. Herbert Ward, whom all know best as Elizabeth Stuart Phelps. Upon the biographical work of most daughters, the fair-minded critic must pronounce the verdict 'Too much.' Eulogy too often exceeds sober fact. It is the best praise of the piece of literary art before us to say, as we do, 'Within bounds.' And yet it is not one of Prof. Phelps's students or personal friends who writes this criticism, but one who breathed a sigh of relief when the good man's pen ceased its work, and *The Congregationalist*—not very long since—ceased to print the fruit of his later meditations. In his last days this master of English prose did not write with the balance and sanity of his prime. We can hardly agree with his verdict that 'Cowper's lifelong insanity has sometimes seemed to me hardly too much to pay for the authorship of "There is a Fountain"' (p. 216).

The grandson of a Massachusetts farmer, Austin Phelps received both Puritan and Puritanical impressions that influenced him all his life and plagued his later days. He was a preacher for a little while in Boston, but it is with Andover that his life-work and name are inseparably associated. He trained many members of the Congregational

ministry of New England, and his 'works do follow him' richly in hundreds of consecrated lives. He loved good English, and his books—one for all time and the others for a generation—'The Still Hour,' 'The Theory of Preaching' and a half-dozen others, show the rich fruitage of a refined scholar's life. In physical habits his days were foolishly spent, and the shattered nerves, both suffered and entailed, told in him and his the old story that in our American life is so often retold. He died mourned by an elect company of preachers, scholars and readers who loved as well as honored him. The comely but unindexed volume before us contains two portraits of the handsome scholar. About two-thirds of the book are devoted to the record of his life and work and the remainder to selections from his letters. In both forms we have what is so rare in the average biography—literature.

#### Sidgwick's "Elements of Politics" \*

IT HAS BEEN known for some time that Prof. Sidgwick was preparing a treatise on the theory of politics; and those who knew with what ability he had discussed the related subjects of ethics and economics awaited the new work with interest. The treatise is now before us, and it fully justifies the expectations that were formed of it. It does not, indeed, present any new and startling theory nor recommend any radical changes in the best governments of the time; on the contrary the author states at the outset that his aim 'is not to supply any entirely new method of obtaining reasoned answers to political questions, but rather by careful reflection to introduce greater clearness and consistency into the kind of thought and reasoning with which we are all more or less familiar.' He states that his general view of politics was originally derived from Bentham and J. S. Mill, and the influence of those writers is clearly apparent throughout his work; yet his attitude is so independent, his reasoning so able, and his discussion so comprehensive and thorough, that his treatise has high merit as an original work; and all thorough students of politics will find it essential to their own studies. The book is so large that with our limited space we cannot undertake to give an analysis of it, much less a detailed criticism, but must content ourselves with simply noticing a few salient points.

Prof. Sidgwick's method is exclusively philosophical, history being referred to only for illustrations of the principles reached by reasoning. He did not allow even so much importance to the 'historical method' as Mills assigned to it, holding that the study of politics ought to be based not upon history but upon psychology. We should rather say upon psychology and ethics; and this is really Prof. Sidgwick's own view, the ethical aim of political action being made prominent throughout his discussion. The ultimate end for which governments exist he holds to be the promotion of the general happiness, and this is best obtained, he thinks, by leaving the individual citizens for the most part to seek their own happiness in their own way, subject only to the rule of non-interference with the equal rights of others. Nevertheless, there are cases in which the interest of the individual, as he understands it, does not coincide with that of the community; and in such cases we must recognize the right and duty of a certain amount of 'socialistic interference' on the part of the government. His treatment of this part of his subject is very judicious; and here as well as elsewhere we find ourselves in cordial agreement with all his leading principles. In dealing with the important topics of international relations, Prof. Sidgwick expresses the opinion that the abolition of war in the near future is not to be looked for; and while he regards arbitration as an available means of settling minor disputes, he deems it of no value in the more important ones. Thus the abolition of war and the federation of nations can only be looked for as the result of a long course of enlightenment and moral progress.

\* Austin Phelps: A Memoir. By Elizabeth Stuart Phelps. \$2. Charles Scribner's Sons.

\* The Elements of Politics. By Henry Sidgwick. \$4. Macmillan & Co.

Having dealt in the first part of his book with the nature and method of political study and with the proper objects and aims of government, the author proceeds in the second part to consider what kinds of government and what organization of governmental powers are best adapted to attain these ends. The best of all, in his view, is representative democracy, which combines to a great extent the benefits of democracy as understood by the ancient Greeks with those of the best aristocracies. He considers the merits and defects of both cabinet government and presidential government, without expressing a decided preference for either. He believes in universal male suffrage, limited, perhaps, by an educational qualification. Hereditary monarchs and hereditary legislative chambers he regards as survivals of an earlier era and destined to pass away. A state church also fails to meet with his approbation; though he holds that the influence of religious teaching is very valuable as an aid to the work of government. The chapter on political parties is one of the best in the book, and we wish it might be carefully pondered by party leaders and journalists everywhere.

Prof. Sidgwick's mode of exposition is sometimes a little too abstract, and we could have wished for a greater number of concrete illustrations; and we note in some places a tendency towards an over-subtlety of thought that is difficult to follow. But his book, nevertheless, is one of the ablest political treatises of the century, and we hope it will be widely read by American students.

#### BALZAC'S "Ursule Mirouët"

BALZAC in writing this charming novel anticipated a beautiful line of François Coppée in which the young poet says:—

L'amour, servant notre fantaisie,  
Fera ce jour-là l'été plus charmant :  
Je serai poète, et toi poésie.

It seems as if for once in his life the great romancer had said to himself, 'I will be a poet and you—my poem!' Leaving Paris and its storms and dramas, the subject of 'Ursule' nestles among the hills of the provinces, where a silver stream and a town of ancient houses make love-eyes at each other and coquet in the piquant way known only to old French houses and swift French streams. Glimpses of Fontainebleau bring us near to Paris; but the scene, the plot, the people, the drama are entirely provincial. The study of French provincial manners has always been a fascinating theme, for there is so much of individuality about the old town and château life, untainted with the glaze and polish of the capital, unspoiled in its naïve nakedness, simple and good in its rural strength and *bonhomie*. Here if anywhere the true heart of France is found, in the *chaumières* as well as in the castle, along the lanes of Lombardy poplars and the warm vine-fields, in the queer walled cities and mediæval hamlets: a pious, godly, often passionate life unsuspected by the commercial traveller or the hurrying tourist, which Balzac has caught in his vast net and made to illustrate one corner of his great Comedy—the fireside corner, with all its precious and tender associations. Many of his novels with their fantastic horrors reproduce the Dance of Death that disports itself over Cinque Cento corridors and cloisters: a group of people animated by savage passions—lust, avarice, malice, greed, followed in their mad career by a veiled Nemesis which pounces upon them just as they are about to be crowned. One is astounded at the power of these pictorial and literary *tours de force*, but it is like looking at the writhing muscles of Atlas trying to upheave a world: they are without joy and without real intelligence, and therefore such books fail as works of art. Joyless, brutal skill they may exhibit, but artistic proportion and self-restraint are wanting, and the result is a series of grotesques like the gargoyle-spouts of Gothic cathedrals or the monstrous, comic or indelicate carvings on their choir-stalls and grey interiors.

\* Ursule Mirouët. By Honoré de Balzac. Trans. by Miss K. P. Wormeley. \$1.50. Roberts Bros.

In 'Ursule Mirouët' quite the contrary refreshes us, after a long 'spell' of barbaric and rococo Balzac. The loveliest Bermuda lily on its tall and tapering stem could not be lovelier than this sweet young girl or the circle of venerable old men to whom she owes her education. The one weak spot in the book is its use of the supernatural to bring about the catastrophe. Balzac, like Dumas, had a *penchant* for mesmerism and Swedenborg and has nearly spoiled several powerful books by introducing it. In 'Ursule Mirouët' the use of dreams imperils the reader's interest by exciting his derision, and produces a feeling of incredulity that is unfortunate for the whole book. A new phase of covetousness is analyzed with all the master's terrible knowledge of this passion, and new and beautiful love-scenes grow out of the complications in the old doctor's house, to counterbalance it. The moral of the tale is good, and one is thankful that Balzac wrote one book that, like Zola's 'Rêve,' can be put into the hands of a girl.

#### "St. Ignatius and the Early Jesuits"

MR. ROSE is to be congratulated upon the sumptuous dress which his English publishers (the American edition is the English sheets bound up) have given to his elaborate work. The first edition appeared from the press of the Messrs. Longman as long ago as 1870, but the present richly illustrated edition is a fitting memorial of the fourth centenary of the birth of one of the most remarkable men known to history. As we turn its pages our eyes are feasted upon its clear type and abundant illustrations. But when we come to read the volume we find that the author's manuscript is worthy of this triumph of the printer's art. Mr. Rose, who is a Roman Catholic, and writes primarily for those in his communion, is far from being bigoted or credulous. It is a condition of canonization in the Roman Catholic Church that the person for whom this glory is asked shall be shown to have performed miracles. Consequently the biographers of Ignatius must allude to his alleged miracles. Mr. Rose does this, but he apparently has not much faith in them. Thus he recounts (p. 64) how Ignatius in a church at Manresa had a vision, as many others have had, and it is only from a footnote that we learn that 'a statue of Our Lady' in that church 'is said to have spoken to the Saint.' He also greatly admires the Society of Jesus, 'which,' he says (p. 112), 'in its conduct, as in its teaching, has ever known how to unite, as it were, the forces of earth and heaven; and while giving free course to the inspirations of grace, ever exercises and utilizes all the energies of the human intellect.' But he tells us plainly that the first companions were not all saints. In a word Mr. Rose is a scholar. He has diligently used all sources to set the life of Ignatius before us. He has followed out all clews. His biography must rank as one of the most satisfactory monographs in any language. It is truly a great work.

We are now in a much better position to understand Ignatius since the appearance of his letters in Spanish (1874-89), and of Father Clair's elaborately illustrated and annotated biography (1890). Upon so grand a man the more the light is shed the grander he appears. Genuine in his piety, indefatigable in his zeal, humble in his demeanor, keen in his insight, almost infallible in his judgment, Ignatius compels the admiration of Roman Catholics and Protestants alike. And the men he gathered around him were worthy of all the attention he gave to their training and direction. The Society of Jesus came at a critical time to the aid of the Pope. Mr. Rose is witness to the truthfulness of the Protestant statements respecting the moral degeneracy of Western Christendom under the rule of the Papacy. The early Jesuits labored among their fellow-communicants and had all they could do to lift bishops, priests, monks, nuns, and the people generally out of the slough in which they had long wallowed.

\* St. Ignatius and the Early Jesuits. By Stewart Rose, \$6. Catholic Publication Society Co.

Many striking facts about Ignatius might be mentioned, but this is no place for them. One, however, should be emphasized. He called his society the Society of *Jesus*, not of Mary, because Jesus, not Mary, was the object of his enthusiastic love. It can hardly be denied that the heart of the Roman Catholic Church to-day is given to Mary. Ignatius belongs to Christianity. He is too great and good for any one denomination to lay exclusive claim to him. The society he founded quickly degenerated to such an extent that it has been banished from every country in Europe, and to-day the name of Jesuit, among Protestant speakers, is a term of reproach. Ignatius was no Jesuit, in the sense in which the word is now employed, but a holy man of God.

**"The Heir Presumptive and the Heir Apparent"\***

'THE HEIR PRESUMPTIVE and the Heir Apparent,' the title of Mrs. Oliphant's latest novel, sends us to our Blackstone. 'Heirs apparent,' says that perspicuous writer, 'are such whose right of inheritance is indefeasible, provided they outlive the ancestor. Heirs presumptive are such who, if the ancestor should die immediately, would in the present circumstances of things be his heirs, but whose right of inheritance may be defeated by the contingency of some nearer heir being born.' The story opens when Lord Frogmore was sixty and John Parke, a stepbrother aged thirty-five, was his heir presumptive—a circumstance that induced Letitia Ravelstone to marry herself to the younger gentleman. Letitia is a cross between Becky Sharp and Xantippe, and as she couldn't possibly grow any worse, she even appears to improve a little with age. It may be remarked that none of Mrs. Oliphant's people grow: they are to us what the author tells us they are, and remain so until she tells us they are something else. So the Heir Presumptive children were born, and as long as Lord Frogmore remained a bachelor, all went well with the ambitious Letitia. But at last Frogmore willed to go a-wooing, whether his brother would let him or no, and when it transpired that he was about to marry Mary Hill, a humble spinster over whom Letitia had been dangling her presumptive titles, there was gnashing of teeth. 'Foam flew from Letitia's lips' is the author's version of it. Foam or no foam, Lord Frogmore married Mary, and in course of time a child was born—a boy, the Heir Apparent.

Letitia, who had had the spirit of prophecy upon her at the time of the foaming, had foretold this event; and by way of precaution had uttered a few curses upon Mary, to the general effect that she should die in giving birth to a child who would be an idiot. But Letitia was evidently only a prophet apparent, for she guessed it wrong both ways, Mary becoming the idiot and the child almost dying, while old Lord Frogmore actually did die. For some years of her widowhood Mary denied that she had had any child at all, during which time Letitia was its foster-mother, and took good care of the little fellow, so that she was enabled to remark on the last page that it was a life-long subject of gratitude to her that he got no harm in her house. We still think the best thing about the book is its title, notwithstanding its distracting suggestiveness of the triangular old conundrum about the Prince of Wales, an orphan and a bald-headed man, the answer to which is something about an heir apparent, nary parent, and no 'air apparent.

**Theological and Religious Literature**

TWO THINGS STRIKE the reader on opening Bishop Doane's 'Addresses to the Graduating Classes of St. Agnes School': the dedication in Latin, and the formidable list of *errata*—a melancholy indication of remissness on the part of the author, and perhaps also of the proof-reader, upon whom it is customary to put all the blame. For contents we have the addresses delivered to consecutive graduating classes from 1872, when the first class was graduated, to 1890. It has been said that nothing would so annoy the editor of a daily newspaper as to send him his editorials of successive years upon

\* The Heir Presumptive and the Heir Apparent. By Mrs. Oliphant. 50 cts. John W. Lovell Co.

such events as the Fourth of July, New Year's, Christmas, Easter, etc., put side by side: the 'parallel' is sure to be 'deadly.' The fact that Bishop Doane dares print nineteen (or rather eighteen—the second graduating class was addressed by another) annual addresses, delivered in similar circumstances, shows great hardihood. And yet there was no reason why he should not. The only similarity these addresses bear springs from the sameness of tone and spirit. In matter they are varied. Each class has a Latin motto, it would seem; and this the Bishop uses ingeniously as a text, thus securing variety at the outset. The graduates of St. Agnes School, of which Bishop Doane was the founder, will prize this volume, and the general reader will be pleased with it. It contains much good advice and fatherly counsel. (\$1.25. Thos. Whittaker.)—'ABOUT AN Old New England Church,' an address on the 'good old days,' published as a souvenir of the 150th anniversary of the Congregational Church of Sharon, Conn., by the pastor, the Rev. Gerald Stanley Lee, was first issued by the local publishers, W. W. Knight & Co., but found so much acceptance that it is now sold also through the Congregational Sunday-School and Publishing Society. It is a capital piece of work: full of humor, modern in spirit, but looking at the past with kindly eyes. It rambles over the years in leisurely fashion, presenting the quaint as well as the serious sides of its subject. It is an address worth reading far beyond the bounds of Sharon, or even Connecticut.

'THE DOCTRINE OF A FUTURE LIFE, from a Scriptural, Philosophical and Scientific Point of View, Including Especially a Discussion of Immortality, the Intermediate State, the Resurrection, and Final Retribution,' by James Strong, S.T.D., LL.D., contains only 110 small pages, which might seem almost impertinently short. But the well-known, venerable and greatly respected author has packed a great deal of matter into a relatively small space. He treats a theme of perpetual interest, and one very familiar to him from years of lecturing and writing on it. His position is rigidly orthodox. Thus he declares a future probation nugatory, annihilation inadmissible, and universalism impracticable. He believes in a resurrection body made up of the same elements as we now have and preserving even the physical organs which now minister to our appetites (page 75). He holds literally to a universal judgment and to an eternal separation of lost and saved. The arguments upon these and other points are stated clearly and concisely. To many, probably the most valuable part of the book will be the appended bibliography of the general subject. This is not a collection of titles of books unseen by the compiler, as most bibliographies are, but of books examined by the author, chronologically arranged, and occasionally annotated. Naturally it has some omissions. (60 cts. Hunt & Eaton.)—THE REV. DR. THOMAS KELLY CHEYNE, preacher and professor, was the Bampton Lecturer in the year 1889. He chose for his theme 'The Origin and Religious Contents of the Psalter in the Light of Old Testament Criticism and the History of Religions,' and his lectures have just appeared. The delay, we infer from a remark on page IX., has been due to the Professor's weak eyesight, but is probably a gain rather than otherwise. The introduction, which covers twenty-six pages, is autobiographical and apologetic, and very interesting. There is in general, we may remark, much more of Cheyne than of David in this volume on the Psalms. In fact, the Professor makes the whole Psalter post-Exilic. The present volume is excellently printed; each lecture is preceded by an analysis and followed by notes, and there are thirty pages of indices of various kinds. Prof. Cheyne knows well how to make a book. (\$4. T. Whittaker.)

'THE NEW THEOLOGY,' by John Bascom, is a volume of sermons to the times. There are no texts, to be sure, but the themes are religious and the application close. Thus, under the rather unpromising topic 'Naturalism,' the author discusses 'infallible inspiration' and declares against it. We commend this part of the book to the defenders of Prof. Briggs as furnishing valuable hints and facts. In the same chapter the author discusses prayer and miracles, and declares for the place of both. Under 'Dogmatism' he criticises sharply Prof. Charles Hodge's 'Systematic Theology,' in which, by reason of its uncritical Biblical method, 'the worst dangers of deduction are made unavoidable and are perpetually recurrent' (p. 122). Under 'Pietism' there is a paragraph in which it is declared that the pulpit does not address itself directly and broadly to the wants of man and in place of piety inculcates pietism, which is a different and at best a lower thing. The closing chapter, on 'Spiritualism' (not the vulgar fraud which goes under that name), contains an eloquent and suggestive analysis of the sources of Christ's influence. The book is well worth reading. It is another proof of the interpenetration of religion by science, of the adjustment necessitated by the great doctrine of evolution. But there is one remark which must be made by way of criticism:

the book has no index, though it needs one. Why a man of ex-President Bascom's literary skill should shirk the labor or expense of making an index, or the publishers should permit the book to go out without one, is strange. The result is a serious impairment of the book's usefulness. (\$1.50. G. P. Putnam's Sons.)—**'TOPICS OF THE TIMES,'** by the Rev. Howard Mac Queary, is made up of lectures and sermons by the gentleman whose trial for heresy and recent desertion of the Episcopal for the Universalist Church have attracted wide attention. His topics are certainly good, whatever may be thought of his way of handling them. The author is a bright man, profoundly stirred by the spirit of the age, impressed by the difficulties to faith raised by science. He does not go deep in his search for truth, but yet he searches. The present book is light reading, pleasantly worded, and making no close demands upon the attention. A jocular sermon on Jonah is followed by an earnest discourse on prayer. This fact is probably indicative of the author's mind, in which grave follows gay, and neither mood lasts long. At the end of the volume the publishers reprint Mr. Mac Queary's defence, noticed in *The Critic* of Sept. 5. (\$1. J. W. Lovell Co.)

IN **'SONS OF GOD,'** the Rev. S. D. McConnell, D.D., the able historian of the American Episcopal Church, gives us eighteen of his sermons, without preface of any kind—not even the customary talk about publishing by request. The topics are varied, the treatment sober: there is no fire. On page 142 the author introduces into his sermon on 'The Immanent God' some remarks upon the way the doctrine of evolution, which he heartily accepts, has destroyed the current notions about creation, providence and prayer. 'Sin is no longer a violation of an arbitrary statute enacted by an absentee ruler, but the breach of a vital law. Prayer is no longer the asking of favors, \* \* \* but the effort to bring about an internal harmony with that movement of things which is known to be of God.' (\$1.50. T. Whittaker.)—**'THE BEING OF GOD AS Unity and Trinity'** is the title of a recent volume by the Rev. Dr. P. H. Steenstra, Professor of Old Testament Literature and Exegesis in the Episcopal Theological School, Cambridge, Mass. It is made up of lectures there delivered while the Professor of Systematic Divinity was ill. The talks are, therefore, not the work of a professional teacher in that department, nor are they the product of extended study. Prof. Steenstra had his topic assigned to him—*vis.*, the clause in the Apostles' Creed (so called):—'I believe in God the Father Almighty, Maker of heaven and earth.' Two facts strike us unpleasantly: the small use made of the Bible—in the first 170 pages, we believe, there are only two Biblical references discussed; and the lack of an index. When will authors and publishers learn that an unindexed book (not a novel or collection of poems) is defective? (\$1.50. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)

**'LOOKING FORWARD for Young Men, Their Interest and Success'** is not the title, as one might suspect, of a work on economic dreams of Utopia; nor is it an 'answer' to Bellamy, nor the work of a young man, but of one who was an author forty years ago. The Rev. George Sumner Weaver, D.D., who is full of sympathy with young men, and who would aid them by counsel and experience, writes luminously and ably of patrimony, friends, business, politics, character, money, time, habits, pleasures, ambitions, hopes, home, reading and religion. Happy will the young man be who reads it, though we wonder whether they who most need the counsel will take such as is here given them. Nevertheless, the youth will not be made a prig who peruses this sunny and suggestive volume, but will get real help. This completing volume of the octave of Dr. Weaver's work is worthy of more than one edition. (Fowler & Wells.)—**LIKE TWO LITTLE** clouds of mercy, neither of them very much bigger than the palm of a man's hand, come a pair of volumes from the pen of the immortal Thomas à Kempis. The text has been translated out of the original Latin, and as refreshing rains out of distant black clouds so are the graceful sentences of these booklets to the English reader. The titles given by the original authors and here retained are 'The Valley of Lilies' and 'The Little Garden of Roses.' Like all of the writings of the mystic of Zwolle, these little books are devotional in character, and suffused with the aroma of worship. Despite later manuals for the cultivation of spiritual and personal religion, these are among the freshest and best. (60 cts. each. Frederick A. Stokes Co.)

**SHELTERING HIMSELF** under the anonymous subscription 'Sixtus,' a certain writer sends forth 'A Review of Professor Briggs's Inaugural Address.' To the literary critic, who cannot enter into the New York storm-centre of controversy—which threatens to dwarf into contemptible proportions the Andover squabble—the pamphlet seems the work of a pigmy. Indeed, its light weight

suggests strongly a theological student just out of the Seminary, who plumes himself on his German and his logic. Further, the anonymous pamphleteer seems to be as anxious to berate the Episcopal church as to confute Dr. Briggs. Having heard and read the inaugural address here criticised, the statements of the critic seem to us both unfair and in the main untrue. The style of the writer of the well-printed pamphlet is clear and direct. (Charles L. Webster & Co.)—**'THE JEWISH PROBLEM: Its Solution; or, Israel's Present and Future,'** by David Baron, has an introduction by the Rev. Arthur T. Pierson, D.D. It was delivered as an address at Mr. Moody's annual convective at Northfield, Mass., in the summer of 1888. The author is a Christian Hebrew who believes that Palestine is still the Land of Promise, that the Jews will not be rationally gathered into the Christian church, but again and more fully possess the land of Hermon, Jordan, and Jerusalem. The treatment is devout, reverent and scholarly. (Fleming H. Revell Co.)—**THE REV. GEORGE BODY**, in the 'School of Calvary,' has set forth, in a course of Lenten lectures, 'the laws of Christian living revealed from the cross.' He treats forcibly, and in clear, simple and devout terms, of the law of obedience, of mortification, of devotion, of repentance, of charity and of perseverance. The book is neatly printed. (\$1.25. Longmans, Green & Co.)

**'THE SERMON BIBLE'** is not, as its name might suggest, a Bible with homiletical comments, but comprises a series of scrap-books, in which, under selected verses or paragraphs of Scripture, are grouped odds and ends of sermon-matter. Plans and skeletons or generous slices—sometimes hunks—of sermon-stuff are spread out on the page, and at the end of the selection are references to other volumes or homiletical periodicals. This seventh volume (Luke I. to John III.) is neither better nor worse than the others. Most of the authors quoted or referred to are modern, and the excerpts have been made with skill. Such a book is valuable or hurtful according as it is used. It will encourage the lazy to greater laziness and the thieves to greater thievery, especially if they clip the exhortation of Paul and read the text 'let him that stole steal,' and forget the negative at the end. The wise man may possibly use it to advantage.—**THOUGH IN HIS** volume on Leviticus, in the companion series known as the Expositor's Bible, the Rev. S. H. Kellogg, D.D., gives no indication of the fact in preface or subscription, we recognize in him the former missionary in India, late professor in the Theological Seminary at Allegheny, Pa., and the critic of Sir Edwin Arnold. The twenty-eight discourses are grouped under the three heads of the tabernacle worship, the law of the daily life, and conclusion and appendix. In his exposition and application, Dr. Kellogg is more happy than in his introduction, which is hotly polemical. (\$1.50. each. A. C. Armstrong & Son.)

**'AN INTRODUCTION TO ETHICS,'** by J. Clark Murray, LL.D., F.R.S.C., Professor of Philosophy at McGill College, Montreal, is in every respect a neat and in many respects an elegant little volume. Its purpose is to lead the reader from the ordinary thoughts about human life, as they arise in every reflective mind, to the fundamental concepts of ethical science, as they have been set forth in the various ethical systems. Book I. treats of the psychological basis of ethics, and Book II. of ethics proper. Book I. is again divided into two parts, of which Part I. treats of man natural, and Part II. of man moral. In Part I. the author shows how moral man rises from the physical through the psychical nature of man, his cognition growing from a mere process of suggestion into real understanding, and real understanding developing, on the one side, a speculative knowledge which is sought for its own sake without any ulterior purpose, and, on the other side, a practical knowledge whose application involves a rule of conduct, while at the same time his feeling and volition run through similar stages of evolution. In Part II., he then shows how the moral consciousness, awakened as cognition, develops into a consciousness of absolute obligation, a consciousness of goodness, and a consciousness of desert, while at the same time the moral consciousness, as feeling and as volition, undergoes corresponding transformations. He is then ready for Book II., on ethics proper. (\$1.75. DeWolfe, Fiske & Co.)

**'OVERCOMING THE WORLD and Other Sermons,'** by the late Edwin Hatch, D.D., sometime Reader in Ecclesiastical History in the University of Oxford, and Rector of Purleigh, with biographical notices, edited by the author's brother, has a preface (dated Dec. 25, 1889) which conveys the pleasing intelligence that a life of Hatch may be looked for. As yet it has not appeared; hence we are the more grateful for the notices prefixed to these sermons, for they tell us of Dr. Hatch's character, influence and learning. In him we lost one of the most original minds of our generation. He

was not widely known, but all students of Church history called him a master. These sermons show him in a new light. The scholar robes himself in a surplice and preaches. Unless Burley be a misprint for Purleigh, there are no sermons in this volume preached to his charge. Seventeen out of the twenty-five here given were delivered to University audiences. Hence their themes and treatment are somewhat recondite. But that Hatch knew how to speak to plain people is evidenced by No. XVI, 'Life's Trading,' a very powerful discourse of the simplest character. The sermons are arranged chronologically, the first being dated 1859, when Hatch was only twenty-four. It is a noteworthy sermon from one so young, but the man of fifty-three who preached the last one in the volume was a magnificent fulfilment of early promise. (\$1.50. T. Whittaker.)—'SERMONS, by Frederick Henry Hedge, D.D., LL.D.' In this simple fashion twenty-four discourses of the late Rev. Dr. Hedge, the well-known Unitarian professor and divine of Cambridge, are sent into the world; but the author's name is sufficient to secure them attention. We note with satisfaction that Dr. Hedge maintained that I. Peter iii., 19 is to be taken literally as teaching the descent of Christ into Hades after his death and before his ascension (page 225). It seems odd that Matt. xi., 28 should be expounded with scarcely any reference to Christ, although the analysis of the causes of unrest which the text declares are to be removed by Christ is excellent. 'The Comforter' is the title of one of the most striking of these quiet and thoughtful though theologically vague discourses. (\$1.50. Roberts Bros.)

'TRUTH-GLEAMS,' by J. O'B. Lowry, D.D., has an introduction which closes with these words:—'It will be abundant recompense to have it said that the voice of the writer is a child's voice.' We gladly make that assertion; and add, in the kindest way possible, though not without a smile:—'Children should be seen, but not heard.' There was no call for this book. It will, however, please the author and be welcomed by his friends. (\$1. J. B. Lippincott Co.)—'THE CHURCH of England in Nova Scotia and the Tory Clergy of the Revolution,' by the Rev. Arthur Wentworth Eaton, supplies a decided lack. Honor to those whose enthusiasm leads them to explore the trackless wilderness and make paths for unknown followers. Honor therefore to Mr. Eaton, who has been the first to produce a history of the Nova Scotian branch of the Anglican Church. To Americans the interesting feature about this branch is that the Diocese owes its existence to the Tories of the Revolution, who between 1775 and 1784 emigrated some 35,000 strong from New York and Massachusetts to the 'Acadian Province by the Sea.' The average American knows nothing and cares less about the ultimate earthly fate of the Tories. From this volume we learn that the 'Loyalists,' as they were called, were invited by the British Government to settle in Nova Scotia; that they were transported thither in government vessels; that lands were given to them, and that they were provided with food, clothing and money. They were almost entirely adherents of the Church of England, and naturally their clergy went with them. Some of these were remarkable men, and no portion of Mr. Eaton's book cost him more labor than the biographical chapter on these exiled clergy of the Revolution. We hope the book will have a good sale, for it deserves it—all the more so as it has an index. It is a pity, however, that it is not printed on better paper. (\$1.50. Thos. Whittaker.)

'THE SILENT VOICE, and Other Discourses,' by the Rev. W. Garrett Horder, an English Congregationalist noted especially as a hymnologist, embraces twenty sermons, first preached to his regular congregation, then revised and illustrated by poetical quotations, generally from very familiar authors. The discourses are probably much improved and matured by this treatment. They certainly read well. The titles are ingenious but not far-fetched. The style is easy, flowing and simple. The sermon on the 'Fainting Heart' is an admirable corrective of current pessimism, and that on 'Anger Without Sin' is good exegesis. (\$1. T. Whittaker.)—'THE DIVINE ORDER OF HUMAN SOCIETY' is the title of the volume of Stone Lectures for 1891, delivered in Princeton Theological Seminary by Prof. Robert Ellis Thompson, S.T.D., of the University of Pennsylvania. Prof. Thompson's department is Political Economy, and his general reputation is that of the almost solitary defender of protectionism in American college faculties. But as the degree after his name shows, he is a student of theology; indeed, his attainments in that line are remarkable. For a mind so discursive as his the theme of these lectures is exactly fitted. Their topics are 'Christian Sociology,' 'The Family,' 'The Nation,' 'The School' and 'The Church.' The volume is indexed, and there are a few foot-notes. Prof. Thompson writes with ample knowledge and great enthusiasm. To current agnosticism in religion and godless socialism in the state he opposes the

most thoroughgoing Christian deism. He touches many burning questions and has his say upon many problems. He opposes poor relief by public taxation, praises Charity Organization Societies, and declares medical dispensaries the worst form of voluntary relief. He defends the eight-hour movement, points out how the workingman's Sunday rest is endangered, and how the declared injustice of his present position may be removed by the application of the law of Christ. We commend his book most heartily. (\$1. Philadelphia: John D. Wattles.)

#### Recent Fiction

IT IS EASY to see why the work of Señora Emilia Pardo Bazán should be popular in a day when photography is almost universally accepted as a faithful interpreter of nature; for when we put it down we feel as if we had been poring over a family photograph-album. Here is the stout elderly Spanish woman of the upper middle class, far removed from the time of balconies and serenades, and entirely devoted to her only son, a sallow youth with dark circles under his eyes and a silky black moustache. Here are the respectable friends of the family, each one faithfully and minutely described; and the cab-drivers on their stand in the square; and the young peasant servant-girl from the province of Galicia, whose 'homesickness' gives the book 'Morriña' its title. We see them all, day after day, as if the remorseful eye of the kodak had blinked at them hour by hour. We know how Rogelio looked in his English frock-coat; and how his mother ran her knitting-needle through her hair; and when Esclara, the maid, took her silk kerchief off her head; and why the old Austrian gentleman used his speaking-trumpet. Realism can go no further: the characters are real enough and the little domestic drama in which they play their parts is sad enough to one of the players, while the scenes of Spanish home life are interesting as a study; but the difficulty with the book, from an artistic point of view, is that the author, like many of the school to which she belongs, has no idea of the difference between focus and perspective. The translation has been well done by Mrs. Mary J. Serrano. (\$1.50. Cassell Pub. Co.)—FIVE LITTLE stories by the author of 'Mademoiselle Ixe' are collected, in one of the long, slender volumes of the Unknown Library, under the title of 'The Hotel d'Angleterre.' There is nothing very wonderful in any of them, but they are pretty and unpretentious, while through the best one, 'The Violin Obligato,' there runs an under-current of sadness like the minor tones of the violin. 'Granny Lovelock' is a sketch of an old Englishwoman belonging to a type which is fast disappearing; and altogether the little book has a pleasant suggestion of peaceful country life which comes across our busier days like a whiff of lavender in the city streets. (50 cts. Cassell Pub. Co.)

ONE IS APT to start out with a slight prejudice against 'A Merciful Divorce' because of the names of its hero and heroine. Arthur Gerrardine and Edith Trevor savor a little of Ouida and her methods, and however much one may like Ouida in certain moods her imitators would not be attractive. This idea vanishes before the story has progressed beyond a chapter or two, and there is so much that is charming and life-like in the characters that they rivet one's attention and absorb one's interest from the first. The action is brisk and moves steadily towards an inevitable and perfectly logical climax, the dialogue is crisp and natural, and the human interest at every time very great. It is the story of a woman who is forced to sacrifice herself and the man she loves in order to save her father's honor. She marries a man much older than herself, who can and will pay her father's debts. Her lover marries some time afterwards, for money also, a woman who has no heart and who is willing to give her money for her husband's position. This money is lost and the woman runs off with another man who can furnish her with more. His old sweetheart helps Arthur through with this crisis in his life by the sympathy and affection she shows him, but the situation becomes dangerous and he joins the English army in the Sudan until the old baronet's death relieves Edith and leaves her free to marry Arthur at last. It is not the plot so much as the manner in which the plot is developed that gives interest to the story, which is by F. W. Maude. (50 cts. D. Appleton & Co.)

NEARLY A CENTURY has elapsed since one of the youngest members of the British Parliament, Matthew Gregory Lewis, faced the critics of his time with his first romance, 'The Monk,' reissued later under the title of 'Rosario; or, The Female Monk,' an extraordinary story which has made its author famous for all time. The book undoubtedly has great merit. The perfection of its style, the beauty of its imagery, and the great interest prevailing its pages are quite sufficient to have aroused the enthusiasm actually displayed over the work at the time of its publication by the best men of

that day. The questions handled here, the issues brought into such startling prominence by the frankness with which they are treated, were vital at that time and appealed personally to a large class of readers. These issues may still exist, but they are no longer vital; no one cares about them, no one could be aroused now to any degree of interest in or enthusiasm over them. The excuse offered in the introduction for the republication of this volume is that the 'intellectual treasury of mankind needs to be constantly husbanded by intelligent and energetic hands so that every parcel of gold may be returned to the common hoard.' From this point of view the publishers are probably justified in their undertaking, but as money is the ruling motive in literature as in everything else, it is not to be supposed that this venture will prove a success. The book is profusely illustrated by Auguste Leroy. (75 cts. Laird & Lee.)

'MISS WENTWORTH'S IDEA' is a curious book. Miss Wentworth is an old maid living with her brother and niece, and she spends her time at first telling about the Society of St. Francis of Assisi in which she is much interested. This subject is dropped entirely and you hear of nothing but the niece for two or three hundred pages. You are told of her love-affair with a disreputable baronet, of her family's opposition, of their sudden flight to Spain to separate the girl from her lover, of his tracking them to Madrid, and of her sudden death there just after her father's consent to the match has been obtained. When you have thoroughly persuaded yourself that the girl is the central figure in the story she drops out of it, and you go back to the old maid who resolves to give up her fortune and join the Society of St. Francis. She is preserved from this fate, however, by an old fellow who comes along, very unexpectedly to every one, and marries her. You are led to suppose that this is Miss Wentworth's idea—to renounce the world, the flesh and the devil, provided she cannot get married. It is a most naïve production, and is by W. E. Norris. (50 cts. John W. Lovell Co.)

A MAN IN a railway-carriage steaming along rapidly from Dover to London looks out of the train and sees through a window into a brightly lighted room in which one man is in the act of striking another. The man in the train is on his way to answer the advertisement of an old fellow who wants a private secretary willing to fulfil very peculiar requirements. Upon his arrival at the house he finds his employer absent, and the house and grounds stranger and more lugubrious than he had ever imagined. The papers the next morning announce the murder of the man to whom he saw the blow dealt as he passed in the train. The murderer is tracked and found to be one of a gang of thieves whose headquarters are in the house in which our hero has hoped to find a home. At first he is himself suspected, but, his innocence proven, the detectives make use of him to help them in their work. A series of the most impossible adventures ensue, and of course there is a girl and a bit of sentiment introduced in the most melodramatic manner conceivable. The book is by J. Maclaren Cobban, and is called 'The Horned Cat,' from a beast of the feline species who has a tuft of hair on either side of his head that stands up like a horn, and who plays a conspicuous part in all that is going on. (50 cts. John W. Lovell Co.)

'AN ENTIRE STRANGER,' by the Rev. T. L. Baily, has a school-teacher for a heroine, not the usual perfunctory person called by this name, but one who is full of resources and understands how to bring out the diverse capabilities of her scholars. She has no belief in the cramming process, but she interests the pupils in everything from a flower-garden to a library, and from botany and geology to chemistry. In all this, most strange to relate, she is seconded by the trustees, and her success is therefore unprecedented. The book is a practical one and contains good suggestions for pupils and teachers. (\$1.25. T. Y. Crowell & Co.)—'HALF A DOZEN GIRLS' start out to do all sorts of things which ought to interest other girls in them. They try to improve their minds, they go to housekeeping and encounter the servant question, they give a Hallowe'en party, they organize a reading club, and they undertake some private theatricals. There is a good deal of human nature and some quiet humor in the every-day events related here: all generations of girls try this kind of thing sooner or later, and it is always pleasant to read about the things you have done, or tried to do, yourself. The book is by Anna Chapin Ray, and the young people will no doubt enjoy it. (\$1.25. T. Y. Crowell & Co.)—'THE LITTLE MILLERS' were very dirty and very ragged, they had very little to eat or drink, and they never learned to speak the English language with any degree of propriety; but they had many experiences in their little lives, and they showed a great deal of true grit through them all. Reading about them is calculated to excite much sympathy in the minds of the little ones for those less fortunate

than themselves. It is Effie W. Merriman who tells their story for them. (\$1. Lee & Shepard.)—'LITTLE FOLKS EAST AND WEST,' by Harriet R. Shattuck, consists of 'Prairie Stories,' 'Mother Goose Stories,' 'Fairy-Stories' and 'True Stories,' all intended for very little people and all decidedly interesting to the juvenile mind. (75 cts. Lee & Shepard.)—KATE DOUGLAS WIGGIN writes charmingly for children always, and 'The Birds' Christmas Carol,' a new edition of which lies before us, is no exception. It is easily and simply told and cannot fail to make an impression upon children's receptive minds. (50 cts. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)

MR. EDWARD S. VAN ZILE devotes a certain amount of cleverness to conscientiously concocting short stories which might have made interesting anecdotes and novels which might better have been boiled down into short stories. He differs from most writers of his class, however, in having ideas to begin with. His 'Don Miguel, and Other Stories' shows him at his best, and at all but his worst. 'Don Miguel' contains one good situation, but its discoverer hardly knows what to do with it. 'Insomnia Mundi,' which is merely a skit, is good throughout. 'A Tale from Cairo' is very, very bad. 'The Cost of New York Life' is calculated to a nicety. We would recommend to Mr. Van Zile his own story of the 'Lucky Paragapher.' We are inclined to believe, after reading his volumes, that there may be luck in paragaphs—for him. (50 cts. Cassell Pub. Co.)—MR. ERNST VON WILDENBRUCH'S 'Francesca da Rimini' is a Prussian Francesca, who falls in love with an artistic lieutenant because the latter had the bad taste to sketch her with himself in the attitudes of the lovers in Ary Scheffer's picture. The story thus begun is ended without more ado by a duel which puts Lieut. Gartenhofen out of it and the world, and a 'malignant' fever which performs the same kindly office for the unhappy Francesca. There are some dreadful illustrations. (50 cts. Laird & Lee.)

'DOCTOR LAMAR' is an anonymous effort in favor of the old rules of conduct and the Christian morality, which, as a quotation from Pascal on the title-page expresses it, does not 'enter the heart through the understanding, but the understanding through the heart.' Yet it will seem to the reader that the agnostic Dr. Lamar's understanding rather than his heart was at fault when he administered poison to his first wife at her request, and in order to end her hopeless suffering; and again, when, on the death of his second wife, the horror with which she regards the approach of that hereafter of nothingness in which he has taught her to believe upsets his scientific faith. The interest of the book depends on these two death-scenes, which are effectively, if rather crudely, contrasted. The fact that some people regard the prospect of annihilation with composure, others with terror, is here dramatically presented. The reader may draw his own conclusions, which may or may not agree with those drawn by Dr. Lamar. (\$1.25. T. Y. Crowell & Co.)—A 'DESCRIPTIVE LIST of Romantic Novels' compiled by W. M. Griswold attempts to direct readers to the best historical novels and romances, such as are easily obtainable, but in many instances forgotten by the class of readers for whom the publication has been compiled. It contains the titles of something over four hundred novels, with short critical notices, borrowed from *The Critic* and other sources, and not particularly improved, it seems to us, by the 'reformed spelling' of Mr. Griswold. Publishers' names are given, but not prices. (\$1. Cambridge, Mass.: W. M. Griswold.)

'THE RED GRANGE,' by Mrs. Molesworth, is a big, old-fashioned country house to which Veronica Mountjoy is brought from her boarding-school by her uncle Rupert. Here Miss Vera leads a lonely existence enlivened only by the appearance of a cousin, whom she detests, and a neighbor's handsome boy, with whom she falls in love. The uncle dies; there is a complication of wills, and much legal matter of very little interest, and at the end the Red Grange becomes the property of the young Mr. Lionel Walsham, to whom, by this time, Miss Vera is comfortably married. Illustrated. (\$1.50. T. Whittaker.)—'THE FRIENDLY FIVE,' by Mary C. Hungerford, are girl friends in a boarding-school, who form an exclusive little club, to which the new girl, Mary Anne Stubbs, is refused admission until she turns out to be a young person of exceptional bravery and discretion. This she proves herself to be by rescuing the school-mistress from a dangerous predicament, and by tracing up the kidnappers of Miss Elfie, the pet of the school. There are wood-cut illustrations. (90 cts. Hunt & Eaton.)—'SAVED BY A DREAM' is a terrible tale of demons and reptiles and madness and dark caves. A sane woman shut up by her husband's contrivances, so that he may dispose of her money, manages to interest a visitor in her story, who repeats it to her friends, convinced that it is true because she had previously dreamt it. As a result the philanthropic Miss Norwood is herself abducted and im-

prisoned in a cave, whence she escapes to obtain 'crazy Jane's' release, and to learn that the villain in the case is her own brother-in-law. Here are improbabilities enough, but there are more in the book. The author has done wisely in adopting a pen-name, 'Consuelo,'—the more so as she shows some marks of power, and may yet do good work. The book is illustrated. (50 cts. Laird & Lee.)—'WELL WON,' by Mrs. Alexander, is a story of a fault-finding husband and a patient wife, who, worn out by his eccentricities, at length leaves him, to return when her absence has effected a cure. The moral seems to be that a woman never learns how to manage a man until she ceases to love him. (30 cts. John A. Taylor & Co.)

'OUT AT TWINNETT'S,' by Mr. John Habberton, bears the second title of 'Gnawing a File,' and the reader will find the story a hard file to gnaw upon. It is a tale of 'Wall Street Ways and Suburban Mysteries'—so much the title-page further informs us. After diligent work upon the rest of the book we make out that there has been a forgery; that suspicion is directed by the forger upon an innocent individual who escapes and returns in disguise to a little island on the Sound; that the forger falls in love with his victim's daughter and is induced by her to restore her father's good name; that he is finally unmasked, but is suffered to escape unpunished. Those who have read 'Helen's Babies' will be disappointed in 'Out at Twinnett's.' (50 cts. John A. Taylor & Co.)—'WITHIN SOUND OF THE WEIR' live Mr. and Mrs. Flowerdew and their daughter Dahlia, until Flowerdew quarrels with his wife and her brother, after which he betakes himself to parts unknown. He returns as a bargeman, meets his brother-in-law, quarrels again with him, and the two, in trying to settle their difficulties, fall into the water. The good but erratic Flowerdew alone comes to the surface, and before renewing his wanderings leaves a fortune to Dahlia, who has provided herself with a likely young fellow with whom to share it. Author, Thos. St. E. Hake. (50 cts. Cassell Pub. Co.)—'SWEET IS REVENGE' to a German nobleman, if we are to believe Mr. E. Fitzgerald Molloy. Baron Handstein's revenge on Mrs. Craysworth is, however, obtained in a way to meet the reader's approval, since by unmasking the lady who has jilted him, he restores the fair fame of another whom she had slandered. The other characters are English gentlefolk of the varieties usually to be met with in paper-covered novels; the mild and unsuspecting rector; the angelic governess, who marries above her station and is persecuted by her husband's gentle friends and relations; the rascally captain who robs and murders and commits suicide. A good enough book for a railway journey. (50 cts. John A. Taylor & Co.)

#### Magazine Notes

*Munsey's Magazine* has taken the place of *Munsey's Weekly*. 'With its illustrations and its great Sunday issues,' the editor says, the daily press has, 'to a very great extent, usurped the position once held by the illustrated weekly journals of this country.' Hence this change. The new departure is one that will need to justify itself; what interests the public in any periodical is its character and quality, not its periodicity. The latest new comer in the field of monthly journalism seems to aim chiefly at a metropolitan audience—unless it believes New York to be a subject of absorbing interest to all Americans. It opens with 'Snap Shots in Central Park'; continues with 'Plays and Players of the Day,' chiefly Mme. Modjeska, DeWolf Hopper and Francis Wilson, who may fairly be regarded as metropolitan actors; describes 'The Museum of Natural History' near Central Park; eulogizes 'Cornelius Vanderbilt,' and pictures 'The College of New York'; while 'Brooklyn's Statue of Beecher' transports us only across the East River, and 'An Accidental Romance' is a story of the metropolis and the Adirondacks. This bit of fiction is by the editor, Mr. Matthew White, Jr.; and 'Horsemanship: A Popular Fad' is by the publisher, Mr. Frank A. Munsey. There are other stories and articles than those mentioned, and the magazine is profusely and quite well illustrated, mainly by means of photographic reproductive processes. Among the poems is one by the late Charles Henry Lüders. The leading paper in the November number will portray 'Picturesque Pooints on Fifth Avenue.'

Pope and the 'Poetry of Commonsense' are contrasted by Mr. J. A. Noble, in *Macmillan's* for October, with Shelley and the 'poetry of the seventh heaven.' But in claiming for Pope and commonsense the higher place, he fails, himself, in the quality he eulogizes. What he proves is that Pope's sense is often as uncommon as his perfect expression of it; and that full and clear expression is a gift of the greatest poets. But, surely, there are many luminous thoughts, perfectly expressed, in Shelley. A much better contrast to Pope's rhyme and reason would be Swinburne's rhythm and rhodomontade. In 'Kipling's 'His Private Honour' we

meet once more the 'soldiers three,' but the tale is particularly of Ortheris, whose private honor is wounded by a blow from an officer, and who, being (as Mr. Kipling puts it) 'neither a menial nor an American,' has to abjure revenge until the offender offers in private (the offence having been committed in public) to wipe it out by a bout with the fists—in which Ortheris again gets the worst of it, but is nevertheless 'satisfied.' 'A Summer's Holiday in Japan' is apparently the production of a representation of British commerce who spends his holiday in the Yoshiwaras of Kobe and Osaka, and who has no eyes for anything but the female attendants at the tea-houses. In No. IV. of the papers on 'Scott's Heroines' the author concludes that the properest of these young persons are the most interesting.

The history of 'Rugby School,' brought down by Judge Thomas Hughes (creator of Tom Brown) from 1567 to 1842 and carried on to the present date by H. Lee Warner, makes an excellent leading article to *The English Illustrated* for October. The frontispiece is a portrait of Judge Hughes, bald of pate and smiling of countenance, engraved by O. Lacour. Among the illustrations are a view of Tom Brown's old study, as certified by tradition, and a view of the interior of the chapel, with Arnold's grave in the foreground. 'The Birds of London' one might suppose to be the title of a companion chapter to that famous one of the 'Snakes of Ireland.' But Mr. Benjamin Kidd finds many to describe. There is the ubiquitous sparrow, which, Mr. Kidd admits, is the only wild bird that really lives in London; yet he refers to the rooks in Gray's Inn yard—a rookery in a rookery, so to speak; and Mr. J. Wycliffe Taylor, who illustrates the article, pictures one of the nests. Stray visitors are the song-thrush and the starling, and the pigeons are reckoned in, as, though tame, they go at large. Boston—the English Boston,—'Capital of the Fens,' with its tall tower, its old warehouses, its barges, and Jane Ingelow's residence, is the subject of an historical and topographical article by John E. Locking; there is an excellent illustrated article on 'Broad-Gauge Engines,' by A. H. Malan; and a new story by W. Clark Russell, 'A Strange Elopement,' is commenced.

#### London Letter

THE VERY general feeling of respectful regret which has attended the production of Mr. Henry James's play has found utterance in the press notices. These have been preternaturally mild and gentle. They have let the distinguished author down easily. But down it is to be feared Mr. James has had to come; and now we are only wondering whether the spirited resolution of his manager to keep 'The American' running at all hazard for a certain length of time can be carried out in the teeth of listless, and to speak the plain truth, terribly bored audiences. No one wishes to say an unkind word of the play, or its author; but all the goodwill in the world will not prevent a London theatre audience from yawning, looking about, whispering, and fidgeting, when once the performers have lost hold of their attention. What principally struck me in the faces I saw the other day at the Opera Comique was their expression of anxiety. Admiring Mr. James's splendid talents as a writer, to the extent that many—nay, probably most of them—did, it was obvious that there was an aching under-thought in the present instance, which, if expressed, would have found vent in the words 'What shall we say to Mr. James about it?' To which query, had it been put to me, I should have promptly replied, 'The less said the better.'

The meeting of the International Folk-lore Congress which has just come to an end at Burlington House, Piccadilly, is the second of its kind which has been held. The first, which came off in Paris last year, was a great success, and it was decided, then, that the next should be held, if possible, in London. Mr. Leland (of 'Hans Breitmann' fame) was deputed to sound the English folk-lorists on the subject, and they at once agreed to the proposal. At the opening on Thursday last, a Folk-lore Council was formed for the purpose of regulating with authority all future Congresses: then a congratulatory message upon her recovery from illness was voted to 'Carmen Sylva,' 'one of the most eminent of the folk-lorists'; and finally the President, Mr. Andrew Lang, delivered a bright and spirited address, which was listened to with much interest. *The Daily Graphic* had a clever sketch of the proceedings at this point, and a detailed account of the address, which, however, would be *caviare* to the general reader. On Saturday the Congress was brought to a conclusion, and Mr. Lang escorted about fifty of the members, chiefly foreigners, down to Oxford, where they were conducted over colleges and museums, and finally entertained at luncheon by Prof. Rhys. The day was lovely—indeed we are having a delightful little piece of 'Indian Summer' at the present time—and the grim old walls and arches, which have seen so many generations come and go, must have looked even

more beautiful and venerable than usual, bathed in autumnal sunshine. Oxford is not itself, however, till the sixteenth of this month, when the 'Long' is at an end.

How the Mahatmas must hate the worthy entertainment-provider of the Egyptian Hall, who now challenges them, as he ere-while challenged the Spiritualists! For nineteen years, Messrs. Maskelyne & Cook—(I perceive it is only Mr. Maskelyne who now advertises, but the show is known as 'Maskelyne & Cook's')—for all these years these enterprising conjurors have successfully held their own against all competition in the art of 'mystery.' They now boldly defy Theosophy and the Mahatmas on their own ground. It will be remembered that their performances of the best spiritualistic feats 'without the aid of spiritualism' did much to throw cold water on a fashionable craze; even so, it may now be hoped that 'The Mahatmas Outdone' may cast such ridicule on their newer folly, as to nip it in the bud. It will require considerable resolution to adhere to a belief in Mahatma feats, which for a shilling anyone may see capped disdainfully by a professed trickster, and the thanks of all sensible people are due to the exposé of such absurdities.

'Studies of the Commonwealth,' the new book by Mr. Inderwick, Q. C., who recently gave us 'Sidelights on the Stuarts'—which came out at the singularly appropriate moment when the Stuart exhibition was being held in London,—is not quite so interesting or so lively as its predecessor. Obviously Mr. Inderwick is himself oppressed by the difficulty his task presents. He dwells upon the impossibility of forming anything like a picture of the real social and domestic lives led by our forefathers, from the mere study of historical details. We have, he says, ample records of their religious, political, and military doings, but we may read forever without obtaining 'a grip of the conditions of their daily life.' This is very true; and lovers of the past, as well as students of human nature, will feel grateful to an author who at all events tries to give them this 'grip.'

In 'Studies of the Commonwealth' Mr. Inderwick describes the middle classes of English people, between the years 1648 and 1660, when they were, he says, endeavoring to live their old life, but to live it without some of the most essential parts of their social and political organization. They were without a sovereign and without a court. Many curious items, illustrative of such a condition, are presented by our author. The struggles made by the governments of the Interregnum to carry on 'remedial legislation' are interesting, and their arbitrary decrees sound quaint in modern ears. We hear of tradesmen being heavily fined for selling 'bad and deceitful goods'; of shoemakers being threatened with penalties for making boots and shoes 'of leather which was too new'; of cabmen being pounced upon for charging extortionate cab-fares. Altogether we find that our forbears of two hundred years ago had much the same little weaknesses that we are addicted to, and the only difference between us and them would seem to be that we of the present time are able to practice ours in peace, since even the County Council and the School Board do not inspect shoemakers' 'leather,' nor challenge 'deceitful' goods.

'Annals of My Early Life,' by the venerable Bishop Wordsworth, is by no means the dry autobiography one would be led to expect. Far from this, it would seem that a prelate, even at the advanced age of eighty-three, can still be a school-boy at heart, when his heart is as warm, his feelings as lively, and his sympathies as broad and kindly as those of our author. Dr. Wordsworth may not have had an eminently stirring career, but he has made a distinct mark as a man of-letters, while his friendships with eminent men—the most eminent men of our time—afford in themselves sufficient interest to make the pages of the present autobiography more than readable. Names which are household words among us flit easily in and out among reminiscences of a long and honored life, and perhaps one amusing little anecdote of school-boy audacity, connected with the vicarious cutting of names on the old oak panneling of the Harrow school-room, will be read by more than one learned sage with a sigh and a smile as he casts his eye back to merry days and boyish pranks, when the last thing he dreamed of or would have cared for was to be a Prime Minister, a Lord Chancellor, or an Archbishop.

Here is a book for lovers of Nature. 'On Surrey Hills,' by 'A Son of the Marshes,' has appeared already chapter by chapter in *Blackwood's Magazine*, and the present volume is now turned-out with all the perfection of type and binding for which the Blackwoods are noted. It is, I repeat emphatically, a book for lovers of nature. Other readers will see nothing in it; will turn over the pages wondering what it is all about; will be unable to find any beauty, any poetry, any music in trivial details of 'fin, fur and feather' which may be spied from any roadside bank, or grassy field-path; but to ears which care to mark the first note of the cuckoo, and eyes which look for the early flight of the swallow,

these simple searchings into nature's secret haunts have a freshness and a reality which many more pretentious works upon the same subject lack. Moreover, the very best thing about this new venture by the author of 'Woodland, Moor, and Stream,' is that the writer—a plain workingman—shows how the pleasures which he derives from thus 'holding converse with Nature's charms' and viewing 'her stores enrolled' can be shared by all, since it is by the common highway that both bird and animal life is in fullest activity. 'I have often listened to the nightingale,' he says, 'singing not ten feet above my head, and have found his nest in the bank, a yard or two from the main road.' 'Woods, and very wild moorlands, and heaths are, comparatively speaking, lifeless,—but country roads and railway embankments are brimming over with creatures of every sort and kind.' Throughout the pleasant, healthy pages are scattered anecdotes of these creatures, illustrative of their habits and indicative of a close and loving observation, in which we are all invited to participate.

Among story-books valuable as gift-books let me name 'A Local Lion,' 'Jan,' 'Two Friends and a Fiddle,' and 'Hatherley's Homespun,' recently brought out by the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge. At this time of year, with Christmas looming on the horizon, it is well to note down books of this kind which will be equally appreciated by school-boys and girls of—well, perhaps I should say the lower orders. For village clubs they would be especially appropriate.

Among personal items I may mention that Miss Constance Fenimore Woolson is now at Oxford, and proposing to pass the winter there in place of resorting, as is her wont, to Florence. It is to be hoped that Miss Woolson will not find the mists from the river somewhat trying after the drier and warmer climate to which she is accustomed. By the way, do you in America notice that we English people have only one river which we term 'the river'? None of us dwellers in the southern countries, at all events, ever designate our Thames by any other name; and so habituated are we to the phrase, that it was brought under my notice a few weeks ago for the first time.

Mrs. Hodgson Burnett is at work on her new play, in her house in Linden Gardens, a somewhat dismal region of the Bayswater Road. These quiet *backwaters* are not ill-chosen retreats when interruptions are fatal to thought—and to temper; and while the stream sweeps by along the great thoroughfare round the corner, Mrs. Burnett may pursue her work with tolerable immunity both from noise and invasion. One may be only a very little out of the way in London to be just too far for casual droppers in.

The author of that lively *brochure* 'Conversational Openings,' in which the science of dialogue was likened to the science of chess-playing, is Mrs. Hugh Bell. It is to be hoped that some of the dialogue 'moves' were found of use by blushing inexperience last season; they were certainly amusing and ingenious, and we hope for more of the kind by the same pen.

L. B. WALFORD.

### Boston Letter

AT THE CONSECRATION of the Rev. Dr. Phillips Brooks, last week, as Bishop of the Diocese of Massachusetts, there were three very interesting figures, aside from the central figure of the ceremony. Two of these were Dr. Brooks's brothers. On either side of him they stood as he knelt in front of the chancel, and to those who knew the history of the famous preacher's family it must have been a significant sight. All three brothers were ministers; there was a fourth who, also, was a minister, but one dark night, while crossing the Charlestown Bridge on the Boston & Lowell Railroad, he fell through the draw and lost his life in the waters of the Charles. The Rev. John Cotton Brooks has won a fame of his own in Springfield by his emphatic method of preaching, while the Rev. Arthur Brooks has developed his traits as a preacher in New York. Both the younger men, like Bishop Brooks, are graduates of Harvard.

The significance of this gathering of preaching brothers lies in the long connection of the family with the Church. Both on the father's and on the mother's side, Phillips Brooks and his brothers can claim descent from Puritan clergymen. Their great-great-grandfather was Samuel Phillips, the founder of the noted Academy that bears his name in Andover; and the father, grandfather and great-grandfather of Samuel Phillips were all ministers, the first in the line being the Rev. George Phillips of Watertown, Mass. On their father's side these three brothers are descendants of the eminent Rev. John Cotton; and one, as his name shows, was named in honor of this 'patriarch of New England,' as he was called, who presided over the First Church in Boston two centuries and a half ago. It was a pleasing incident to Dr. Brooks that when he visited England in 1882 he had the opportunity of preaching in old

Boston in the very pulpit where John Cotton had held forth for a score of years before emigrating to America. That year, by the way, marked the first instance of an American performing religious service before the royal family of England, Dr. Brooks being the American.

Trinity Church has given five of its nine rectors to the highest office of the Episcopal Church, but none more noted than Phillips Brooks. His direct connection with the literary world lies in his published sermons and lectures. The Rev. Arthur Brooks four years ago wrote 'The Life of Christ in the World'; he is ten years the junior of Phillips Brooks and four years the senior of John C. Brooks. It is interesting to note that the temporary successor of Dr. Brooks at Trinity bears a name akin to that of the ancestor of the Bishop—the Rev. Roland Cotton Smith, the son of the Rev. Dr. John Cotton Smith.

The other markedly attractive figure at the consecration was the Hon. Robert C. Winthrop. His noble face and courtly person have been seen but little of late in public gatherings, but improved health made it possible for him to take silent part in the proceedings at Trinity. Strange that none of the reporters noted his presence. It had more than the passing interest due to the appearance of one of Boston's most eminent citizens. His life's history holds connection with that of Trinity. In that church he was christened; in that church he was confirmed; in that church fifty-seven years ago he was elected a vestryman. Probably no older member of the church was present at the consecration, and it may be questioned if there is an older living. Certainly there is none more worthy of honor.

The death of James Parton on Saturday was not entirely unexpected as he had been failing for several weeks. He had not reached his seventieth year, but yet of late his writings have lacked that element of popularity which so abounded in his earlier biographies. Always more of a picturesque descriptive writer than a deep-searching historian, he failed to make books which would be lasting monuments, though he succeeded in drawing pen-pictures that fascinated for the time being with their bright colors and romance of scene. On the Life of Voltaire he spent more time than on any other of his works—reading, I have been told, nearly a thousand books in search of material,—and yet his Voltaire never gained the popularity accorded his earlier and more hastily prepared biographies. In Massachusetts, his Life of Butler had a remarkable sale. Parton admired Butler exceedingly, and the friendship of the two resulted, in a roundabout way, in the author's making Newburyport his home.

The friends were cruising along the coast in the year 1872 on Butler's famously fast yacht America, when they happened to make the port of Newburyport. They drove over to Indian Hill to visit their common friend, Ben: Perley Poore, the veteran Washington correspondent, and that drive showed them so much of the beauties of the quaint old place that then and there Parton determined upon making his home within its limits. The modern house which he first secured never suited his fancy, but the large, old-fashioned mansion in which his last years were spent was to him in many respects an ideal home.

I read not long ago a letter from Mr. Parton which by permission I copied and which illustrates his views on the financial side of authorship. Said he in that note:—"An industrious writer, by the legitimate exercise of his calling—that is, never writing advertisements or trash for the sake of pay,—can just exist, no more. By a compromise, not dishonorable, although exasperating, he can average during his best years \$7000 to \$8000 a year. But no man should enter the literary life unless he has a fortune or can live contentedly on \$2000 a year. The best way is to make a fortune first and write afterwards."

Mr. Parton's disbelief in all religions never interfered with his social popularity in Newburyport; he was respected and he was honored with one or more offices. He held, it will be recalled, that all religions were of human origin and that the religion of the future would be founded solely on love of man for man without any obligation to deity. This state of comfortable unbelief and the independence of his second marriage were the picturesque features of his own unwritten biography. Possibly his marriage, however, was more the result of ignorance of human laws than of independence of them. When he petitioned the Massachusetts Legislature to legalize his marriage with his orphan step-daughter, he declared that the mutual care of the grandchild of his first wife and her first husband had led the petitioner and 'Fanny Fern's' daughter to care for one another, and that not till two days after the wedding did he know there was an ancient statute against such a marriage.

The obituaries of Prof. John L. Lincoln in the daily press have not, so far as I have seen, noted his writings. He contributed articles of value to *The Christian Review*, the *Bibliotheca Sacra* and *The North American Review*, and also prepared editions of Livy, Hor-

ace and Ovid. He was a brother of the Rev. Dr. Heman Lincoln, one of the most trenchant political writers I ever knew, although he was a clergyman and a Professor at the Newton Theological School, and therefore, by profession, a man of peace. John L. Lincoln was very popular with the students of Brown, whom for half a century he taught, and the Lincoln Fund and Lincoln Field were named in his honor.

BOSTON, Oct. 20, 1891.

CHARLES E. L. WINGATE.

## The Lounger

A POET SENDS ME something that she thinks cannot fail to amuse me—to wit, the prospectus of a volume bearing the name 'Local and National Poets of America,' a work 'profusely illustrated with over five hundred life-like portraits.' One might be tempted to buy a 'sample copy' of the book (regular price \$6, sample copy sent on receipt of \$3.75), the reduction in price for such copies is so alluring, were not the prospectus accompanied by specimen portraits and poems. On the title-page the editor has pointed the encouraging motto, 'Great oaks from little acorns grow'; but as some of these acorns are seventy-five years of age, I fear the prospect of their becoming even scrub-oaks in this world is poor. Accompanying each portrait is a biographical sketch in which the poet's or poetess's strong points are summed up. For instance, poetess Laura J. Rittenhouse 'has a splendid family of five children'; while poet William M. Paxton has 'published a book of poems containing 452 pages, which has attracted universal admiration.' If the book had been said to have attracted 'attention' where 'admiration' is claimed for it, I should not have been surprised after reading the poem 'The Roguish Girls.' (Poet Paxton, by the way, is a 75-years-old 'acorn'). He has married one of the 'rogues,' and sings of her in this strain—

She keeps the house too nice and neat,  
And everything too clean, sir;  
And when she makes me wipe my feet  
I think it very mean, sir.  
On rocking chairs I have to sit,  
And back and forth I sway, sir;  
And when I'm forced to cough and spit,  
A vase is in my way, sir.

I do not like to accuse a poet of plagiarism, but has not this venerable bard stolen Silas Wegg's idea of drawing the listener into his confidence? You remember:—

Beside that cottage door, Mr. Boffin,  
A maid was on her knees, sir,—etc.

MRS. S. HAZLETT-BEVIS, married 'after many years of widowhood,' is in temperament 'ever cheerful.' The Rev. Wolff Willner M. A., makes a confession in 'Whom I Shall Marry':—

Whom I will marry, you would ask?  
Well now, it is no easy task,  
And one must think a good deal,  
Before he finds his true ideal.

As *his* 'true ideal' must have 'a tiny nose between her eyes,' he must indeed do a good deal of thinking before he finds her—unless some dime-museum should come to his aid. Mrs. Kate S. Kisner thus describes *her* true ideal:—

He has the classic brow of a sage,  
And his life is a clean, white page;  
And naught will he do,  
To make him blush to  
Reflect on it in old age.

As Poetess Kisner is married let us hope that her husband realizes this high ideal.

THINK of it! over one thousand poets and poetesses bound together in a single volume—over one thousand impassioned hearts beating against the same calf-skin covers! That they do not beat in vain is proved by the laudatory letters printed in this prospectus—not from hostile and prejudiced outsiders, be it said, but from the poets themselves. One of them writes:—"To me this is a most wonderful book, as I never heard of such an undertaking before in the literary world, and especially one that has been such a success. I realize that it must have been an almost endless task to collect the muse-courtiers of America and coax their modest selves to the front." Another exclaims that the work 'marries ecstacy and horror, laughter and grief, constancy and change.' What a wedding! But it does more:—"It strips the veil of familiarity from the surface, and finds beneath the veil that sleeping beauty which is the object of its search." Who but a 'muse-courtier'—and a modest one, at that—could strip this veil and find so much beneath it? 'God bless the noodles!' exclaims the poet who sends me this prospectus, 'for they make life livable to their brethren in "literature."'

THE MOST STRIKING OBJECT in the architecture of New York City to-day is undoubtedly the Diana that crowns the tower of the Madison Square Garden—which vast edifice, at four o'clock in the afternoon, on the thirteenth inst., was formally turned over, by architects and builder, to the management. The gilded figure of the goddess of the chase occupies the highest artificial pinnacle in the land, with the sole exception of the Washington Monument at Washington; and it richly deserves its conspicuous position. The figure was modelled by Augustus St. Gaudens, and is nearly twenty feet high. It is connected with a wind-dial on the face of the tower, and will move freely to any point of the compass under a wind-pressure of half a pound. The goddess is represented as poising herself lightly on a crescent moon, fourteen feet from tip to tip, about to discharge an arrow from her bow; loose drapery flying from her shoulders constitutes the head of the vane. Behind the crescent on her forehead is a row of electric lights, and ten reflectors at her feet will define her proportions almost as clearly by night as the sun discloses them by day. Long may she retain her perilous perch—and straight may her arrow fly at any foe that threatens the security of this right little tight little island!

I WAS AMUSED by the *naïveté* of the address 'To the Leaders of Southern Opinion' in *The Critic* of Oct. 17; and particularly by the suggestion that the proposed convention of Southern writers 'ought to accomplish much good should a magazine literature not at once result.' This looks (the italics are mine) as if the framer of the call would have serious misgivings about the usefulness of his convention if it were to result in a magazine literature. As a Northerner I should not venture to say that his misgivings would be natural. As a Southerner Col. Watterson feels no such hesitation; and I agree with him in his general contention that the literature, whether of magazine or book, which owes its existence to a convention, is not apt to be of enduring value.

THE ATLANTA *Constitution*, whose editorial staff is noteworthy as including so accomplished a man-of-letters as Joel Chandler Harris—a youngish man whom the newspapers delight in burdening with three-score years and three—gives this sound counsel to writers for the daily press:

When you've got a thing to say,  
Say it! Don't take half a day.  
When your tale's got little in it,  
Crowd the whole thing in a minute!  
Life is short—a fleeting vapor—  
Don't you fill the whole blamed paper  
With a tale, which, at a pinch,  
Could be cornered in an inch!  
Boil her down until she simmers;  
Polish her until she glimmers.  
When you've got a thing to say,  
Say it! Don't take half a day!

Writers for the weekly, monthly and quarterly press may lay this good advice to heart, as well as the daily journalists. And there have even been books written whose authors might have gained readers by subjecting their penning and pencillings to the 'boiling down' and 'polishing' processes of the literary workshop—however mixed the metaphor may be.

'DID THE SAVAGE LANDOR ever take lessons in English from any American authority besides Kate Field?' inquires 'Argus.' 'The last conversation I enjoyed with the genial Prof. Barnum he charmed me with the beauty of the Bridgeportian a; "so you air coming to see my show after all, air you?" I ask the question because I have just turned up the last number of Leigh Hunt's Journal, dated 7 Dec., 1850, and in the "Poemetti" contributed to it by Landor I find the following couplet:—

Where neither Love nor Honor are,  
What, O my friend, can you do there?

EVERY ONCE IN a while some new and unknown singer or player comes along, and scores a triumph at the start. The latest of these children of fortune is the young violinist Leonora von Stosch, who made her maiden bow to the New York public at the Seidl concert at the Lenox Lyceum last Sunday night. Not only did she win the heartiest plaudits of her hearers—especially by her spirited rendering of Sarasate's 'Spanish Dances,'—but the warm approval of the critics also was hers the next day. She is young enough to make considerable progress in her art before reaching her twentieth birthday, which she will not do for two years to come, and there is little likelihood that her immediate success will have the effect of checking her efforts to attain perfection. She came unheralded, but her pleasing presence won the sympathy of her audience at once, and her brilliant performance excited its instant

admiration. Miss von Stosch is a Washington girl, her mother being an American. Three years ago she played at one of the Philharmonic concerts in Baltimore, and she has now just returned to America after three years' study abroad, where she won honors as a pupil at the Brussels Conservatory.

THE *Tribune* is, perhaps, the most literary of the daily papers. I am the more surprised, therefore, to find in its columns, even in the Household department, a ludicrously inexact quotation of some of the Laureate's most familiar lines. They are these—from 'Merlin and Vivien':—

It is the little rift within the lute,  
That by and by will make the music mute,  
And ever widening slowly silence all.

The little rift within the lover's lute,  
Or little pitted speck in garnered fruit,  
That rotting inward slowly moulders all.

And this is the way they are mangled in quotation:—

'Tis the little rift in the lover's late,  
That slowly widening, makes the music mute.  
'Tis the little speck in the garnered fruit  
That inward rotting, surely moldereth all.

### Belated

THE big flake falls from leaden skies:

The glimmering hills die out in gloom;  
The hill-side kalmia withered lies  
Without a spark of purple bloom;  
Cold, coastward blows the Arctic wind.

Why is it thou dost take thy flight  
So late through this inclement sky?  
Oh! haste, before the gathering night  
Detain thee on these shores to lie,  
Where thou no sheltering nest shalt find.

Thy comrades in a sunlit land  
In balmy breezes rest this eve;  
The palm and plantain o'er them stand;  
The lotus stems their shelter weave,  
The oriole warbles as they feed.

Oh! haste! thy mighty pinions spread;  
Swift through the blast a passage steer;  
For winter darkens overhead,  
And desolation hovers near,  
Where none can help thee in thy need.

Ah! song is born in summer air,  
And silence is the guest of frost,  
And music ever dies with care;  
Thy song, sweet bird, thy life is lost,  
Unless thou join that happy quire.

Too late the straining vans are set;  
Too late the southward flight is planned;  
And dost thou hope among them yet  
To raise thy note in that dear land  
Where frost and flight can never tire?

EPIPHANIUS WILSON.

### James Parton

THE LATE JAMES PARTON was one of the most popular, if not the one most popular, among the historical and biographical writers of America; and most Americans have been surprised at learning, since his death last Saturday, that he was not a native of this country, but came hither from Canterbury, England (where he was born on Feb. 9, 1822), at the age of five years; his mother having recently been widowed. For eight generations his father's family had held the homestead whence the mother and child came to New York. For seven years the English boy was a pupil at Mr. John Swinburne's classical school at White Plains, Westchester County. He passed some time in Europe after that; and then set up a school in Philadelphia with the Rev. Samuel Edwards. There he had the pleasure of teaching Greek—a language with which, as a lad, he had been so infatuated as to think of becoming a barber in order to secure the necessary leisure for studying it all his life! After this he taught for awhile in this city; and here he became, for three years, a regular contributor to *The Home Journal* and editorial assistant to Mr. N. P. Willis, whose sister, Mrs. Sara Payson Willis Eldredge, at one time a very popular writer over the pen-name of 'Fanny Fern,' he made his wife. His first book was a *Life of Horace Greeley*, which he prepared with infinite pains. It was

published by Mason Bros., who sold 30,000 copies and paid the author \$3000. This biography appeared in 1855; in 1856 Mr. Parton published a collection of 'Humorous Poetry of the English Language, from Chaucer to Saxe'; in 1857 a Life of Aaron Burr; and in 1859-60 a Life of Andrew Jackson. These were followed by 'Gen. Butler in New Orleans' (1863), 'Life and Times of Benjamin Franklin' (1864), 'Manual for the Instruction of Kings, Railroad and Political, and How New York is Governed' (1866), 'Famous Americans of Recent Times' (1867), 'The People's Book of Biography' (1868), 'Smoking and Drinking' (1869), 'The Danish Islands' (1869), 'Topics of the Time' (1871), 'Triumphs of Enterprise, Ingenuity and Public Spirit' (1871), 'The Words of Washington' (1872), 'Fanny Fern: A Memorial Volume' (1873), 'Life of Thomas Jefferson' (1874), 'Taxation of Church Property' (1874), 'Le Parnasse Français' (1877), 'Caricature and Other Comic Art' (1877), 'Life of Voltaire' (1881), 'Noted Women of Europe and America' (1883) and 'Captains of Industry' (1884). He contributed numberless articles to the magazines, and for many years he wrote regularly for the *Ledger*. In the number of that paper which appeared last Saturday, the article entitled 'Execution of Damiens' was from his pen.

In 1872 Mrs. Parton died, and three years later her husband removed from this city to Newburyport, Mass. In February, 1876, he married Miss Ellen Eldredge, a daughter of his wife. Mr. Parton was not aware at the time that the marriage was illegal under the laws of Massachusetts. He petitioned the Legislature, when he discovered the error he had made, to legalize the marriage, and a bill to that effect was passed in April of that year. Gov. Rice vetoed it, and enough votes to pass it over the veto could not be mustered. Some interesting facts about Mr. Parton will be found in our Boston Letter.

### Mr. Lathrop to Mr. Lang

TO THE EDITORS OF THE CRITIC:—

Mr. Andrew Lang, in *The Illustrated London News*, has printed some remarks wherein he glances at a short essay of mine on 'Literature in the United States,' which appeared in *The New Review* for September. Commenting on them, an afternoon newspaper said, the other day:—'Mr. Lang scores the rather good point against Mr. "Parsons Lathrop," that he might probably better have taken up his parable in *Harper's* or *Scribner's* or *The Century*, whose conductors certainly would have been willing to lend him their pulpits.'

A point should hardly be rated as good, which rests on unfounded assumption. It would have been more agreeable to me to see my article published in some one of our accredited American periodicals. That reasonable effort to secure this boon was not lacking, on my part, is shown by the fact that, before sending the article to *The New Review*, I offered it to *The North American Review*, *The Forum*, *The Atlantic Monthly* and *The Century Magazine*; by all of which it was rejected. Unless my memory is at fault, the article was also refused by *Harper's Magazine*. It seems worth while to mention these details, because they go to prove in part my theorem that liberty of debate, candid utterance of impartial opinions, as well as freedom of literary initiative, are more limited in the United States than in some of those European countries which we are fond of referring to as, in these respects, inferior to us. 'Meanwhile here is Mr. Parsons Lathrop speaking his mind as freely as may be,' says Mr. Lang. Certainly; but he ignores the circumstance that this was possible only in an English review. He seems at the same time to admit much of my contention when he says that England accepts the admonishments of her literary men with patience and is 'most free of all in such matters' of criticism.

NEW LONDON, Oct. 17.

GEORGE PARSONS LATHROP.

### The Fine Arts

#### The Madison Square Garden

THE COMPLETION of the Madison Square Garden has enriched New York with a good piece of showy brick and terra-cotta architecture crowned by a tower which relieves it from the charge of being showy and nothing more. The great mass of light-colored building at its base is not without a certain impressiveness, and it carries its robe of moulded ornament with a certain grace; but it cannot be denied that of classic ornamentation, though eternally satisfying when wrought by artistic hands, one may have more than enough when done by the thousand yards in terra-cotta. Even the arcade on the Madison Square side and the open colonnade and domed turrets above could hardly have been said of themselves to have made the edifice a handsome one. The marbles and terra-cotta used in them are poor in color and of the cheapest

fabrication, while, until the tower rose some hundreds of feet above them, there was something ungainly about the proportions of the whole building. But, if we had made such criticisms as these during the progress of the work, the architect would have been justified in bidding us wait till it was finished. As it now stands it is, from an artistic point of view, simply a base for probably the finest Renaissance tower of recent times. The eye at once leaves the mechanical details of the lower stories to scale the two or three hundred feet of sheer wall and arched and columned superstructure that rise from them. The materials of this superstructure are, we suppose, the same as those used in the rest of the building, but at this height all minor imperfections disappear and we are free to admire its fine proportions and graceful design. This tower is a striking object from many parts of the city, and is always a pleasant one, so that, whatever utilitarian purpose it may serve or fail to serve, it fully justifies itself to lovers of the beautiful. At night, when the clusters of electric lights on the cupolas and about the feet of the colossal Diana poised on the pinnacle are ablaze, it looks like a dream of that visionary of the Renaissance, Francesco Colonna, realized in this more prosaic age.

### Mr. Brennan's Water-Colors

MR. ALFRED BRENNAN, long and favorably known to the general public as an illustrator of books and magazines, has also been known to a limited few as a clever water-colorist. An exhibition now open at Keppel's gallery will, it is hoped, make his work in that way more widely appreciated. Most of the exhibits are mere clever sketches and 'arrangements' in color, à la Whistler, but a number of portrait studies merit serious attention. Several of the smaller 'notes' are also extremely pretty, such as 'Violets,' a girl in white in a chilly spring landscape; 'Pink and Gold,' a back view of a baby; 'Helping Mamma,' in which color, in the sense in which artists use the word, results from the bold limitation of the field of vision to a bit of brown flooring and some ends of drapery among which a child is picking up an object that has fallen. We do not care much for the more fanciful of Mr. Brennan's productions, nor for his essays in 'modernité'; but in calling one of his portraits a 'fashion-plate' he has dropped a hint that the publishers of fashion-plates would do well to heed. There is no reason why fashion-plates should not be as pretty and artistic as this portrait. We hasten to add, however, that they never are.

### Art Notes

MESSRS. WILLIAM M. CHASE, Joseph Keppler, Leon Moran, C. Y. Turner and a number of other New York artists have, for some time past, been engaged in making preparations for a 'Kunstlerfest,' on the model of the artistic celebrations in German cities. It is now determined to hold it at Music Hall, on December 3. Tableaux vivants arranged by the artists and music supplied by the Liederkrantz and Arion clubs will be the principal features of the entertainment, which is assured of the patronage of a number of well-known ladies. The proceeds, after cancelling an old debt incurred by the German artists at the Centennial celebration, will go to the erection of a monument either to Goethe or Columbus, as the votes cast at the festival may decide. Applications for boxes and tickets may be sent to Miss Schurz, 175 West 58th Street.

—The American Water-Color Society's twenty-fifth annual exhibition will be held, as usual, at the Academy of Design. Receiving days will be from Jan. 7 to 9. Monday, Feb. 1, has been set apart for the public opening, and the exhibition will close on Feb. 25. The etchers expect to exhibit with the water-colorists this year.

—The Verestchagin exhibition, begun this week at the American Art Galleries, will remain open until the middle of next month, the sale having been fixed for Nov. 17.

—Wunderlich's gallery will open early next month with an exhibition of colored prints.

—The Brooklyn Institute announces the following courses of lectures on the history of art, by Prof. William H. Goodyear: 'The General History of Ancient Oriental Art,' 'The General History of European Architecture,' 'The Progressive Movement in American Architecture,' 'The History and Criticism of Sculpture,' 'The History and Criticism of Painting,' and 'The History of Classic Ornament.' The lectures will be illustrated by photographic reproductions of the works of art described. They will be conducted on the University Extension plan, under the title of Institute Extension Lectures, and each lecture will be followed by a conference on the subject discussed. Arrangements for the delivery of the courses may be made with the Institute.

—*The Magazine of Art* is about to try the virtue of colored illustrations. The November number will have plates printed in several colors by photogravure.

—At Schaus's, what may be called a speaking portrait of ex-Speaker Reed, by John Sargent, is just now on exhibition. It is a powerful head and bust, thrown a little off the centre of the canvas as if the subject had just taken a backward step. A 'Twilight' by Lerolle, a sea-side view with figures; another by Cazin, one of his favorite sand-hills subjects; a river view by Pelouse and a 'Church Interior' with figures praying, by Jean Béraud, are also on exhibition.

—The New York Institute for Artist-Artisans has enlarged its quarters at 140 West 23d Street, and has begun the season's work with a full force of instructors.

—Prince Borghese has sold the Raphael portrait of Cæsar Borgia to A. de Rothschild for about \$120,000. The heirs of Prince Torlonia have decided at last to turn over his art collection to the Italian Government.

—'It is likely,' says the *Times*, 'that the Ecole des Beaux Arts will soon open its classes to women. Mme. Léon Bertaux, the manager of the Union of Women Sculptors and Painters in Paris, is constantly finding more encouragement in the crusade which she has undertaken against the exclusion of women from the famous school. A great change has indeed come over the situation in Paris so far as the women are concerned.'

—Some 250 paintings by American artists, belonging to Mr. Thomas B. Clarke, will be shown in the galleries of the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts, Philadelphia, this month.

—While our tariff laws allow the work of all American artists resident abroad to be admitted free of duty, the Government does not recognize wood-engravings as an artistic medium; and Mr. Cole's *Century* blocks reproducing the Italian masterpieces are classified at the Custom House as 'manufactures of wood,' a round sum being exacted in duty on each. The series is reaching its highest point of interest in the works of Raphael and Michelangelo.

—The collection of the late Daniel Cottier will be sold at auction next spring in London or Paris. Corot's 'Ophéus' was Mr. Cottier's most famous possession.

—The catalogues of the collections of casts in the Boston Museum of Fine Arts are such as to force a New Yorker to admit that they order these matters better at the Hub. The parts so far published are two in number; a thin pamphlet of forty-two pages devoted to Egyptian, Chaldean and Assyrian sculpture, and a strongly bound volume of three hundred and sixty-nine pages containing the casts of Greek and Roman sculpture. The first has been compiled by the late Charles G. Loring and Mr. Edward Robinson; the larger volume by Mr. Robinson alone. The arrangement is by historical epochs; there are brief summaries of the characteristics of the principal periods of art production, and careful descriptions of the original statues and reliefs, noting especially such points as do not appear in the cast—restorations, traces of painting, material of which the original work is made. At the head of each article references are given to books from which the reader can obtain full information about the work of art therein described. With all this attention to the needs of the student, who, in New York, is treated as though he had no right to exist, the requirements of the general public are by no means neglected. We have dwelt on their utility to the student; but, as in the official guides of the Louvre and the British Museum, this is combined with the highest degree of usefulness to the ordinary visitor. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)

### Lowelliana

WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY (Feb. 22) will be observed by the Brooklyn Institute in accordance with the provisions made by Augustus Graham, the founder. The day—the 160th anniversary of Washington's birth—is the 73d of Lowell's; and Mr. George William Curtis will deliver an address in honor of the late poet and patriot.

The one-volume edition of Lowell's poems, to be published in London by Macmillan & Co., will have an introduction by Judge Thomas Hughes, a life-long friend of the poet. An article on Lowell, by Mr. Henry James, will come out in the January *Atlantic*. It is not a critical study. It is Mr. Lowell as Mr. James knew him abroad—a personal account of some of his many relations to our own times and the people of our times, the creator of 'Tom Brown.'

'Mr. W. O. Partridge has completed his bust of James Russell Lowell,' says the Boston *Transcript*, 'amid the warm approval of many close friends and relatives. It is hoped that a place may be found for it in the Library of Harvard University, where it would be most appropriate. It is faithful in likeness and spirited and noble in expression, and altogether a fit and worthy pendant to this young sculptor's superb bust of Edward Everett Hale.'

A new volume of Mr. Lowell's essays will be, it is understood, the first fruits of Prof. Norton's literary executorship. The essays are those that have appeared in *The New Princeton Review* and elsewhere, but have not yet been collected in a book. The essay on Keats is the one which prefaces the poems of Keats in the British Poets Series, and the one on Walton is that which serves as a preface to the Little & Brown edition of 'The Complete Angler.'

### THE TRIBUTE OF *The New England Magazine*

'Lowell in his Study,' from a photograph taken by Mrs. J. H. Thurston of Cambridge, and supposed to be the last he sat for, is the frontispiece of the October *New England Magazine*; 'James Russell Lowell' is the title of a 'body' article by Dr. Edward Everett Hale and of a poem by Mrs. Sarah K. Bolton; 'Lowell's *Pioneer*' is an interesting paper by the editor, Mr. Edwin D. Mead; and the burden of the Editor's Table is the complete edition of Lowell, his pioneering spirit, the conflict in his nature of the scholar and the reformer, and his criticisms of American politics. Dr. Hale easily justifies the devotion of so much space to one subject.

If any journal in the world should express love and regret upon the death of James Russell Lowell, it is *The New England Magazine*. For he has been a New Englander, through and through, of the best stock. And since he knew what he was, or indeed that he was anything, he has been proud that he was a New Englander. No person has understood our dialect better than he, no one has used it to more purpose, no one has gone to the root of our character and history better than he, no one stood for us more loyally when fools or knaves attacked us, and no one has done us more credit in the fields of literature and history.

Mrs. Bolton characterizes the poet in graceful verse:—

Lover of nature, lover of his race,  
Learned, and true, and strong;  
Using for others, with surpassing grace,  
The matchless gift of song,—

He lived the lesson which Sir Launfal guessed  
Through wandering far and wide;  
The giver must be given in the quest:  
He gave himself, and died.

Mr. Mead gives us a most interesting peep into *The Pioneer*—that joint venture of Mr. Lowell and Mr. Robert Carter, which came to naught after its third number, very largely owing, no doubt, to the senior editor's enforced abstention from work while undergoing treatment to save his sight. He writes, in opening:—

The history of the magazines which have failed is one of the most interesting chapters in the history of literature, and one of the most pathetic. The New England fields especially are strewn with these dead magazines; and seldom has the old word, "Whom the gods love die young," received more striking illustration than here,—with such peculiarly high hopes and fine ideals and good promise have been born so many of these New England magazines destined to early death. No other of these short-lived journals has been quite so famous as *The Dial*; but the old *Massachusetts Magazine*, born just as the Republic was born in 1789, the old *New England Magazine*, started by Mr. Buckingham in 1831, to which Dr. Holmes contributed the first of his papers bearing the title of 'The Autocrat of the Breakfast-Table,' *The Massachusetts Quarterly*, with which Theodore Parker was identified, *The Radical*, launched so bravely by Mr. Morse, Mr. Hale's *Old and New*, and a dozen other New England magazines were so remarkable in various ways that they all deserve to have their biographies written. Among all these New England ventures loved of the gods, no other was quite so short-lived as that which is just now brought back to special remembrance—Lowell's *Pioneer*.

Mr. Mead reproduces the poet's introduction to the magazine, and also several of its illustrations, together with some of the contemporaneous comments of the press. Later on, from his seat at the Editor's Table, he gives utterance to this judgment:—

The most impressive word, perhaps, which has been spoken concerning Lowell since his death was that spoken by Mr. Curtis at the recent gathering at the Academy in Ashfield. It was a word of rebuke for those who in this latest time have been free in their criticisms of Mr. Lowell for his sharp words upon vicious tendencies in our American politics. These strictures of his have been so hotly resented in some quarters as to draw a shower of unpleasant epithets, making not a few who were big enough and old enough to know better talk of him loosely as un-American, as denationalized, as Europeanized. Never were utterances more paltry or profane. Never was stauncher American or stauncher democrat than James Russell Lowell; and the rebuke of his critics and the eulogy of him as the very type of the best American citizenship came fittingly from the lips of Mr. Curtis.

### International Copyright

#### THE INTERNATIONAL LITERARY AND ARTISTIC CONGRESS

THE Congress of International Literary and Artistic Associations, at Neuchâtel, on Monday, Sept. 28, listened to an explanation of the new American Copyright Law by M. Darras, of the Paris Bar, and an animated debate followed. A report on the measure was drawn up by MM. Henri Morel and Roethlisberger, of the International Bureau in Berne. On Tuesday the Congress discussed the new law, and adopted a resolution expressing the wish that the American Government would take steps to give its adhesion to the Berne Convention by rescinding the clause which prescribes the reprinting of European books in America and stating that provisionally a term of six months for republication and the fulfilment of all formalities would be desirable. On Wednesday it adopted a resolution declaring it to be desirable that the United States should recognize that the sale of a work of art does not include the sale of the right of reproduction. A telegram from the American Copyright League, conveying that body's greetings to the Congress, was warmly received.

### Herman Melville

IN THE *World of Sunday*, Oct. 11, Mr. Arthur Stedman, the poet's son, told in three columns of type—which portraits, etc., stretched out to three and a half—the interesting story of the late Herman Melville's life. We gladly make room for a few extracts from it. Mr. Stedman begins with a quotation from a pasquinade of Robert Buchanan's printed in the London *Academy* in 1885 with this footnote:—'I sought everywhere for this Triton, who is still living somewhere in New York. No one seemed to know anything of the one great writer fit to stand shoulder to shoulder with Whitman on that continent.' He continues:—

Mr. Buchanan apparently 'sought everywhere' except in the one place where all of Mr. Melville's contemporaries made their search when they had occasion to visit him—the City Directory. Now Mr. Buchanan was among the advance-guard of a band of British voyagers whose fad it has been to make expeditions of 'discovery' to this country, in search of neglected great men and—the American circulating medium. Meeting with cold comfort in Boston Town, and, I fear, in Gotham also, he sought the friendly shelter of Bohemian Camden, and poured out his feelings in the poem referred to, which was dedicated to Camden's 'latter Socrates.' Even now, after several corrections, this old story of neglect and forgetfulness of Mr. Melville by his brother writers is again repeated.

Herman [Melville] was born in New York City on Aug. 1, 1819. If 1809 is to be called the 'poets' year,' then 1819 should be called the 'Belles-lettres' year, for of our American writers James Russell Lowell, Walt Whitman, Thomas W. Parsons, E. P. Whipple, Julia Ward Howe, W. W. Story, Dr. J. G. Holland and Herman Melville were born within this twelvemonth. Melville passed most of his boyhood and youth at and near Albany. Dr. Charles E. West, now of Brooklyn, was his teacher at the Albany classical school in 1835, and well remembers the boy's love of English com-

position. Two years later, after teaching school at Greenbush, N. Y., and at Pittsfield, Mass., he was seized with the roving spirit.

About the time ['Typee'] was finished an old friendship between his father's family and that of the late Chief-Justice Lemuel Shaw was renewed, and this led to his engagement with Justice Shaw's daughter. Their marriage followed on Aug. 4, 1847, at Boston, Mass. Mr. and Mrs. Melville resided in New York City until 1850, when they purchased a farmhouse at Pittsfield, Mass. The house was so situated as to command an uninterrupted view of Greylock Mountain and the adjacent hills. Here he remained for thirteen years, occupied with his writing and managing his farm. An article in *Putnam's Monthly* entitled 'I and My Chimney,' and the introduction to the 'Piazza Tales,' give faithful pictures of his place, Arrow Head, and its surroundings.

In a letter to Nathaniel Hawthorne, given in 'Nathaniel Hawthorne and His Wife,' his daily life is set forth. The letter is dated June 1, 1851. \* \* \* Mr. Hawthorne, who was then living in the 'red cottage' at Lenox, had passed a week at Arrow Head with his daughter, Una, the previous spring. It is recorded that the friends 'spent most of the time in the barn, bathing in the early spring sunshine, which streamed through the open doors, and talking philosophy.' These two romancers—one of the land, the other of the sea—seem to have found a complement each in the other, drawing them closely together. Mr. Hawthorne, when United States Consul at Liverpool, at one time acted as Mr. Melville's agent with English publishers.

While at Pittsfield he was induced to enter the lecture field. From 1857 to 1860 he filled many engagements in the lyceums, chiefly speaking of his adventures in the South Seas. He lectured in the cities as widely apart as Montreal, Chicago, Baltimore and San Francisco, visiting the last-named place in 1860 by the Isthmus route, for the benefit of his health. \* \* \* Our author's fondness for philosophical discussion is interestingly described in a letter from Dr. Titus Munson Coan to his mother, written while a student at Williams College over thirty years ago and fortunately preserved by her.

It is an interesting fact that the Rev. Titus Coan, of the Hawaiian Islands, Dr. Coan's father, personally visited the Marquesas group, found the Typee Valley and verified in all respects the statements made in 'Typee.'

The chief event of the residence in Pittsfield was the completion and publication of 'Moby Dick: or, The White Whale,' in 1851. How many young men have been drawn to sea by this book is a question of interest. Meeting with Mr. Charles Henry Webb ('John Paul') the day after Mr. Melville's death, I asked him if he were not familiar with that author's writings. He replied that 'Moby Dick' was responsible for his three years of life before the mast when a lad, and added that while 'gamming' on board another vessel he had once fallen in with a member of the boat's crew which rescued Melville from his friendly imprisonment among the Typees.

It was late in the year 1845 that Melville completed the manuscript of 'Typee.' At nearly the same time his brother, Gansevoort Melville, sailed for England, as secretary of legation to Minister McLane, taking the manuscript with him. It was offered to John Murray, who at once accepted it, buying the book outright for England for a moderate sum. The condition of the English copyright law was such at that time that this ownership and copyright only lapsed with Mr. Melville's death. The same plan was followed a year later with 'Omoo.' Efforts have been made by other publishers to arrange for popular English editions of these works, but unsuccessfully.

If I am not mistaken the house of Murray did not publish fiction in 1846. At any rate they wished to include both volumes in their 'Colonial and Home Library,' so the title 'Typee' was omitted and that book was published in England as 'Melville's Marquesas Islands.' In America Wiley & Putnam, whose London agent had contracted to publish the work, brought it out simultaneously with the English edition. It was issued in two parts, in March and April, 1846. More favorable terms were obtained from Bentley for Mr. Melville's later works, so long as it was possible to secure copyright in England. 'Typee' was an instant success. Columns of praise and abuse were devoted to it, the latter on account of some serious reflections on missionary methods. The same thing happened in the case of 'Omoo,' although Mr. Melville asserted his lack of prejudice. It is a curious fact that both works proved of the greatest value to outgoing missionaries on account of the exact information contained in them with respect to the islanders.

In the United States Harper & Brothers brought out 'Omoo,' and 'Typee' was placed with them in 1849, somewhat shorn of the objectionable passages and containing the 'Story of Toby.' 'Toby' was considered by many people a mythical personage, but his por-

trait is given herewith. His name was Richard T. Green. The American firm mentioned have published all of Mr. Melville's works except three, not including the two privately-printed booklets. Copyright payments have been regularly made by them on all books sold, but I cannot find that any moneys have come from 'oversea' since some time before the war.

While at Pittsfield, besides his own family, Mr. Melville's mother and sisters resided with him. As his four children grew up he found it necessary to obtain for them better facilities for study than the village school afforded, and so, in the autumn of 1863, the household was broken up and he removed with his wife and children to the New York house that was afterwards his home. In December, 1866, he was appointed by Mr. H. A. Smyth, a former travelling companion in Europe, a district officer in the New York Custom House.

During the later years of Mr. Melville's life he took great pleasure in a friendly correspondence with Mr. W. Clark Russell, the famous English novelist of the sea. Mr. Russell had taken many occasions to speak of Melville's sea-tales—his interest in them and his indebtedness to them. The latter felt impelled to write to Mr. Russell in regard to one of his newly-published novels, and received in answer the following letter [dated July 21, 1886].

\* \* \* I have 'Typee,' 'Omoo,' 'Redburn,' and that noble piece 'Moby Dick.' These are all I have been able to obtain. There have been many editions of your works in this country, particularly the lovely South Sea sketches; but the editions are not equal to the American publishers. Your reputation here is very great. It is hard to meet a man whose opinion as a reader is worth having who does not speak of your works in such terms as he might hesitate to employ, with all his patriotism, towards many renowned English writers.

Dana is, indeed, great. There is nothing in literature more remarkable than the impression produced by Dana's portraiture of the homely inner life of a little brig's fore-castle.

I beg that you will accept my thanks for the kindly spirit in which you have read my books. I wish it were in my power to cross the Atlantic, for you assuredly would be the first whom it would be my happiness to visit. \* \* \* The condition of my right hand obliges me to dictate this to my son; but painful as it is for me to hold a pen I cannot suffer this letter to reach the hands of a man of so admirable genius as Herman Melville without begging him to believe me to be, with my own hand, his most respectful and hearty admirer. W. CLARK RUSSELL.

It is generally admitted that had Melville been willing to join freely in the literary movements of New York, his name would have remained before the public and a larger sale of his works would have been insured. But more and more, as he grew older, he avoided every action on his part and on the part of his family that might look in this direction, even declining to assist in founding the Authors' Club in 1882.

It has been suggested that he might have accepted a magazine editorship, but I doubt it. He could not bear business details or routine work, and our *fin-de-siècle* magazine editors are nothing if not business men. If they are philosophers their philosophy must be exerted patience over the delays of promised articles or in bearing their defeats by competitors. If they are poets their imaginations must be exercised in devising new features. The time has passed when even a Lowell can stroll about Boston and Cambridge with year-old manuscripts in his overcoat pockets.

A few friends felt at liberty to visit the recluse and were kindly welcomed, but he himself sought no one. His favorite companions were his grandchildren, with whom he delighted to pass his time, and his devoted wife, who was a constant assistant and adviser in his work, chiefly done of late for his own amusement. To her he addressed his last little poem, the touching 'Return of the Sire de Nesle.' Otherwise he occupied himself with his fine collection of engravings and etchings, with books on philosophy and the fine arts, or with walks abroad, as long as they were possible.

With the completion of 'Moby Dick' in 1851 his important literary work was practically ended. Twice more the enchanter waved his wand and the awful shapes of the skeleton figure-head and Bannadonna's domino arose in 'Benito Cereno' and 'The Bell Tower.' Then, like Coleridge, he buried his wand in a grave of philosophical speculation and conjured no more, save in a few brief 'Ariel flights' of song.

### Notes

AN INTERESTING announcement is that of the International Library of Fiction, by the Cassell Publishing Co. The books in this series will all be new copyright works, but will still be sold at a low price. Among the well-known writers with whom arrangements have been made are Clark Russell, Conan Doyle, Mrs. Alexander, Mrs. Parr, J. M. Barrie, S. Baring-Gould, François Coppée, Stanley J. Weyman, Mrs. Molesworth, Maurus Jokai, Emilia Pardo Bazán, Austin Dobson, Paul Bourget, and Perez Galdos. The

inaugural volume of the series will be 'The Story of Francis Cludde,' by Mr. Weyman, author of 'The House of the Wolf.' Distinguished American authors also will contribute to this library.

—Ruskin's Poems, in two volumes, edited by Mr. W. G. Collingwood, will be published by Charles E. Merrill & Co. under the new Copyright law, on Wednesday next, the 28th inst. The poems are a part of the Brantwood Edition, authorized by Mr. Ruskin, for each of the other volumes of which Prof Charles Eliot Norton has written an introduction.

—By arrangement with J. G. Cupples Co., Messrs. Osgood, McIlvaine & Co. are to have the pleasure of introducing 'The Chevalier of Pensieri-Vani' to the English public.

—A third edition of Dr. J. R. Miller's 'Making the Most of Life' has just been taken off the press, and Messrs. Crowell have sent plates across the sea for an English edition.

—Carl Lumholtz (author of 'Among Cannibals'), who is in charge of an extensive exploring expedition in the Sierra Madre of Mexico, under the auspices of the American Geographical Society and the Museum of Natural History of New York, will write exclusively for *Scribner Magazine*, beginning with the November issue, the results of his investigations and adventures.

—The complete novel in *Lippincott's* for November will be 'The Duke and the Commoner,' by Mrs. Poultney Bigelow, who is no novice at story-writing.

The November *Harper's* will complete the magazine's eighty-third volume. The *Young People* announces a 'World's Fair' for boys and girls, in which 4000 prizes are offered, including a bicycle and a library of 100 volumes.

—Mr. Hall Caine, though convalescent, is still forbidden to work. The postponement of his new novel, after it had been widely advertised by the Tillotson Syndicate, has caused much embarrassment, but was inevitable. A short story by Mr. Caine, 'St. Bridget's Eve,' will be published by the Tillotsons in January; and early in the new year they will issue also 'In Deacon's Orders,' by Mr. Besant.

—Dr. Eggleston's 'Faith Doctor,' published here by Appleton and in London by Cassell, has been secured by Baron Tauchnitz for his Continental Library. 'The Johnstown Stage, and Other Stories,' a book of Western life by Robert Howe Fletcher, 'the novelist of the Pacific coast,' will appear in D. Appleton & Co.'s Town and Country Library. The same firm announce, in W. O. Stoddard's 'Little Smoke,' with illustrations by F. S. Deilenbaugh, what they believe to be 'a book which is probably more elaborately illustrated than any juvenile work dealing with Indian life which has ever been published in this country.' It is one of their Good Books for Young Readers.

—The Cassell Publishing Co. announce Zola's 'Smash-Up,' Mrs. C. T. Meade's 'Children of Wilton Chase,' 'Tales of To-Day,' Englished from various French authors by Mr. E. P. Robins, and Leopold von Sacher-Masoch's story, 'The New Job.' This last work, translated by Harriet L. Cohen, from the German of a novelist who has the singular fortune to be a favorite even in France, is a tale of the misfortunes of a Russian peasant.

—The treatment of the Jews in Russia is to be the subject of yet another article in *The North American Review*. For the November number the Chief Rabbi of the United Hebrew Congregations of the British Empire has been induced by Lord Rothschild to state the case as it shows itself to a representative non-Russian Jew. In the same magazine Mme. Adam will answer in the negative the question, 'Does the French novel picture faithfully the life and customs of France?'

—Mr. Nimmo has brought out 260 copies only of a new work entitled 'Last Words on the History of the Title-Page, with Notes on some Colophons, and Twenty-Seven Fac-Similes of Title-Pages,' by Alfred W. Pollard.

—Andrew Lang is editing for the Chiswick Press an edition of Scott's novels in forty-eight volumes. Mr. J. C. Nimmo of London will issue it.

—Houghton, Mifflin & Co. will publish next Wednesday, Oct. 28, 'The Land of the Lingering Snow,' by Frank Bolles; 'Three Tales,' by the late Wm. D. O'Connor, author of 'Hamlet's Notebook,' etc.; a new edition of S. G. W. Benjamin's 'Persia and the Persians'; Dr. Holmes's 'Page from an Old Volume of Life' and 'A Mortal Antipathy'; and a holiday edition of Mr. Howells's 'Venetian Life,' with colored illustrations from designs by Child Hassam, Hopkinson Smith, Rhoda Holmes-Nichols and Ross Turner.

—Leach, Shewell & Sanborn will publish at once 'Rudimentary Ethics,' for high schools and academies, by George M. Steele, LL.D.,

Principal of Wesleyan Academy, Wilbraham, Mass. The greater part of the book is devoted to the discussion of Practical Ethics.

—James McKie of Kilmarnock died a few weeks ago. In 1866 Mr. McKie published a *facsimile* of the first edition of Burns—2200 copies; in 1869 an edition of the complete poems, and subsequently the Kilmarnock Edition, with notes by W. S. Douglas. His collection of editions of Burns, numbering 700 volumes, was purchased for the Kilmarnock Burns Museum; and it was mainly through his efforts that the monument to Burns at Kilmarnock was erected.

—The Very Rev. Henry George Liddell has given notice of his intention of resigning the deanship of Christ Church, Oxford, at Christmas. The Dean's name is perhaps most familiar in connection with 'Liddell and Scott's Greek Lexicon.'

—Capt. Frank Landers, Clerk of the Executive Council of Iowa, is preparing an atlas showing as nearly as possible the boundaries of every foreign grant of land ever made within the bounds of the United States and the Territories, from the earliest times until now. *The Des Moines Capital* says:—

This also includes a full history, in condensed form, of every one of these grants—a cyclopædia of the whole subject, involving a vast amount of research—in which every needed fact may be readily referred to. This atlas also shows the boundaries of every State, Territory, territorial division and foreign province, within the present limits of the United States, at every period of their existence, so arranged that their is no ambiguity touching the setting-forth of any fact.

—The Danish citizens of Chicago are raising a fund to build a monument to Hans Christian Andersen in Lincoln Park.

—The approaching dissolution of the Browning Society in England is announced in the Tenth Annual Report, just issued to members. The session which will begin at the end of this month will be the last; but it is proposed 'to ask for a final subscription for 1892-3 in order to get the indexes to the three volumes of the Society's Papers printed, its bibliography completed, and everything cleared up.' The 'Nomads,' who last November read 'Colombe's Birthday' to the Society, will next month entertain members with another of Browning's plays, probably 'The Return of the Druses.'

—Mr. John A. Sleicher has succeeded the late Major Bundy as editor-in-chief of *The Mail and Express*. He is a journalist of long and varied experience.

—Mr. Paul B. Du Chaillu thinks of going upon the lecture platform again this winter; and Prince Krapotkin, the Nihilist, meditates visiting America and delivering lectures on Russian prisons, socialism, etc.

—The animadversions of *The Spectator* on the 'particularly uncouth and ungainly kind of English' spoken by all of Miss Wilkins's characters, provokes the *Tribune* to 'wonder why the English critics who so often object to the Yankee dialect in our fiction never have anything to say about the more than uncouth and barbarous Yorkshire and Lancashire dialects which make many of their native novels hideous to a lover of good English.'

—Everybody will be glad to hear, says *The Pall Mall*, that 'Carmen Sylva's' malady is only a bad attack of 'nerves,' precipitated by her excitement over the love-affair of the unhappy Mlle. Vacaresco; 'the mischief is in the brain, not in the spine.' But, to judge by the accounts of her doings, there is still a fair prospect that the Queen will succeed in killing herself. 'The doctors having ordered, as the one thing absolutely necessary, complete rest, her Majesty insists on writing every day something in the style of the pathos chapter in a shilling "dreadful." Having thrown off these melancholy compositions, nothing will satisfy her but to read them aloud on the balcony of the hotel to her devoted suite.'

—The friends of Mr. Edward R. Young of the well-known publishing house of E. & J. B. Young & Co., of which his father, Mr. Edwin Young, is the senior member, have heard with much regret of the sudden death of that young gentleman at the Manhattan Athletic Club on Tuesday last.

—The memory of Rowland Gibson Hazard, one of Rhode Island's most eminent sons, is to be kept green at Peace Dale, a little manufacturing village, in South Kingstown, R. I., by a handsome Memorial Building, divided up into class-rooms, an assembly hall, and a commodious reading-room, which last will be the home of the Narragansett Library Association. For eighty-seven years the Hazards have been manufacturing woollen goods at Peace Dale, where the late R. G. Hazard, who was a distinguished political economist and metaphysician as well as a successful man of business, was born. The building erected by his descendants in conformity with his wishes was opened on Oct. 9, the ninetieth anniversary of his birth.

—John Larkin Lincoln, who had been for fifty-two years, with but slight intermission, attached to Brown University, Providence, R. I., and for forty-six years Professor of the Latin Language and Literature there, died last Saturday, Oct. 17. He was born in Boston, Feb. 23, 1817, was educated at the Boston Latin School, at Brown University, and at the German universities at Halle and Berlin. For three years he travelled extensively in Europe. Special reference to Prof. Lincoln will be found in our Boston Letter this week.

—In reply to our statement that the new edition of 'Bartlett's Familiar Quotations' overlooks Dorman B. Eaton's 'Public Office' is a public trust, Mr. Bartlett directs our attention to page 859 of his 'unvalued book,' where the pedigree of the familiar phrase is traced back to Matthew Henry, Edmund Burke, Thomas Jefferson and John C. Calhoun. Charles Sumner is quoted as having said, so long ago as May 31, 1872, 'The phrase, "Public office is a public trust," has of late become common property. Later conspicuous users of it are Mr. Eaton (1881), Abram S. Hewitt (1883) and Col. Daniel S. Lamont (1884).'

—Mr. Collis P. Huntington, the Southern Pacific Railroad millionaire, has given to the town of Westchester, near which he lives, a handsome library, which was opened last Saturday. It will be known as the Westchester Library and Reading Room, and will contain at the outset about 6000 carefully selected books, besides the leading daily and weekly newspapers and the magazines. The library will be perpetuated by a suitable endowment. A course of lectures will be given during the coming winter.

## Publications Received

RECEIPT of new publications is acknowledged in this column. Further notice of any work will depend upon its interest and importance. When no address is given the publication is issued in New York.]

- Adams, W. D. With Poet and Player. \$1.25..... A. C. Armstrong & Son.  
American Newspaper Annual. 1891. \$5..... Phila.: N. W. Ayer & Son.  
Armstrong, H. M. Little Marjorie's Love-Story. \$1.25..... Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.  
Bixby, J. T. The Crisis in Morals. \$1..... Boston: Roberts Bros.  
Blake, J. V. Happiness from Thoughts. \$1..... Chicago: C. H. Kerr & Co.  
Bookworm, The. Vol. IV. \$3..... A. C. Armstrong & Son.  
Bourdillon, F. W. Ailes d'Alouette. 75c..... Boston: Roberts Bros.  
Brady, J. B. Saengerfest Sermons..... Newark, N. J.: J. B. Brady.  
Carpenter, E. J. A Woman of Shawmut..... Boston: Little, Brown & Co.  
Carr, L. G. Memories and Fancies. \$1.25..... Boston: The Writer Pub. Co.  
City Reform Club. Sixth Annual Record of Assemblymen and Senators from the City of New York.  
Clark, E. C. Greek and Other Studies at Cambridge. Cambridge, Eng.: Macmillan & Bowes.  
Colwell, J., and others. Eight Illustrated Tracts. 25c..... Hunt & Eaton.  
Cooke, K. T. Huckleberries from New England Hills. \$1.25..... Houghton, Mifflin & Co.  
Coolidge, S. In the High Valley. \$1.25..... Boston: Roberts Bros.  
Dalin, T. European Relations. 50c..... Phila.: Cassell Pub. Co.  
Daniell, G. W. Bishop Wilberforce. \$1..... Houghton, Mifflin & Co.  
D'Aureville, J. B. The Story Without a Name. Tr. by E. Saluts..... Belford & Co.  
Deane, M. Mr. Zinzan of Bath. \$1.50..... E. P. Dutton & Co.  
Dunbar, N. Phillips Brooks. .... Boston: J. G. Cupples.  
Flügel, E. Carlyle's Moral and Religious Development..... M. L. Holbrook & Co.  
Fulton, R. I., and Trueblood, T. C. College Critic's Tablet. 60c..... Boston: Ginn & Co.  
Garrett, L. M. J., and Stuart Glennie, J. S. Women of Turkey and Their Folk-Lore. 2 vols. .... London: David Nutt.  
George, H. The Condition of Labor. 30c..... U. S. Book Co.  
Gordon, J. Vampires. Mlle. Réseda. \$1..... Phila.: J. B. Lippincott Co.  
Granger, F. S. Psychology..... London: Methuen & Co.  
Gray, E. McQ. Elsa. 50c..... Harper & Bros.  
Henchie, E. J. Elementary Treatise on Mensuration..... London: Moffatt & Paige.  
Heron, G. D. The Larger Christ. 75c..... F. H. Revell Co.  
Hope, A. Father Stafford. 50c..... Cassell Pub. Co.  
Hund, J. Sketch of Surgical History..... Chicago: E. Ackermann & Co.  
Jackson, H. ('H. H.') A Calendar of Sonnets. \$2..... Boston: Roberts Bros.  
Johnston, R. M. Studies, Literary and Social..... Indianapolis: Bowen-Merrill Co.  
Kennard, E. Pretty Kitty Herrick. 50c..... John A. Taylor & Co.  
Kennion, A. Principia..... London: Elliott Stock.  
Kings II. Ed. by J. R. Lumby..... London: C. J. Clay & Sons.  
Lee, F. W. Senator Lars Erikson..... St. Paul, Minn.: Price-McGill Co.  
McDougall, W. H. The Hidden City. 40c..... Cassell Pub. Co.  
Milton, J. Lycidas and Other Poems. Ed. by A. W. Verity..... London: C. J. Clay & Sons.  
Morris, W. Story of the Glittering Plain..... Boston: Roberts Bros.  
Pollard, A. W. Last Words on the History of the Title-Page..... London: John C. Nimmo.  
Riley, J. W. Neighborly Poems..... Indianapolis: Bowen-Merrill Co.  
Roe, J. E. Bacon and His Masks..... Burr Printing House.  
Roosevelt, B. Victorian Sardou and Thermidor..... F. T. Low.  
Sadler, S. P. Hand-Book of Industrial Organic Chemistry. \$5..... J. B. Lippincott Co.  
Scott, O. W. The Gilead Guards. \$1..... Hunt & Eaton.  
Shorthouse, J. H. Blanche, Lady Falaise. \$1..... Macmillan & Co.  
Solution of Difficulties in Arithmetic. 4s. 6d..... London: Moffatt & Paige.  
Sorel, A. Madame de Staël. Tr. by F. H. Gardiner. \$1..... Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.  
St. John. Ed. by A. Plummer..... London: C. J. Clay & Sons.  
Story of the Ere-Dwellers. Tr. by W. Morris and E. Magnusson..... London: Bernard Quaritch.  
Vaughan, J. Moffatt's Perspectives. 3s. 6d..... London: Moffatt & Paige.  
Von Molke, H. The Franco-German War..... Harper & Bros.  
Wadsworth, W. Leaves from an Artist's Field-Book. \$4..... Boston: D. Lothrop Co.  
Ward, E. S. F. and H. A Lost Hero. \$1.50..... Boston: Roberts Bros.  
Whitby, E. A Matter of Skill. 25c..... Rand, McNally & Co.  
Winchester, B. The Swiss Republic. \$2..... Phila.: J. B. Lippincott Co.  
With the Birds. \$1.50..... Boston: D. Lothrop Co.  
Woodburn, J. A. Higher Education in Indiana. Washington: Government Printing Office.

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**The Federation of Australia** is by Hon. Alfred Deakin, M.P., of the National Australian Convention.

**The Picturesque Quality of Holland**—Figures and Costumes, is a delightful article, by George Hitchcock, with many drawings by the author.

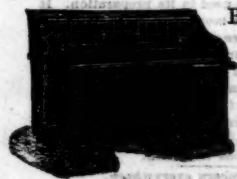
Octave Thanet contributes a clever story.

**Mr. Andrew Lang** completes his "Adventures Among Books." There is an interesting article on **Mr. Lowell as a Teacher**. Poems by Duncan Campbell Scott, Julian Hawthorne, W. V. Moody, and the department "The Point of View."

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*SUNDAY-SCHOOL TIMES*, says:—The musical setting is evidently an attempt to combine the new English music of Barnby, Dykes, Gauntlett, Sullivan, and Monk with the best of that composed for American use; and this seems to be about the best arrangement that is possible for an American Hymnary.

*THE CRITIC*, N. Y., says:—It is not often that the practical experience of a musician is united, in the compiler of a hymnary, with the taste and knowledge of a scholarly hymnologist. This, however, is the case with Mr. Edwin A. Bedell, whose *Church Hymnary*, after years of preparation has now attained publicity. This *Psalter*, from which the imprecatory Psalms are omitted, has been arranged by the Rev. Dr. Henry Van Dyke of this city, in fifty-three portions, the reader's and respondents' verses being discriminated by an appropriate typographical device.

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